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W. B. W. HEARTSILL, *A CONFEDERATE DESPERADO*, undated #5205-z

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Inventory of W. B. W. Heartsill, A Confederate Desperado

Collection Number 5205-z

Manuscripts Department, Library of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

Collection Information

- Descriptive Summary
- Administrative Information
- Online Catalog Headings
- Biographical Note
- Collection Overview
- Detailed Description of the Collection

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Descriptive Summary

Repository
Southern Historical Collection

Creator
Heartsill, W. B. W., b. 1841.

Title
W. B. W. Heartsill, *A Confederate Desperado*

Call Number
5205-z

Language of Materials
Materials in English

Extent
Items: 1

Abstract

W. B. W. Heartsill was born in 1841 near Louisville, Tenn., southwest of Knoxville, Tenn. He served in the Army of the Confederate States of America in many positions, including captain and Chief of Police for East Tennessee. He later served as a spy and a scout with Osborne's Scouts, an independent company of Tennessee scouts. After the war ended, Heartsill moved to Arkansas. The collection consists of a handwritten manuscript entitled *A Confederate Desperado* by W. B. W. Heartsill. The manuscript tells the story of J. J. Cox (or Jo. J. Cox), a lieutenant in the Confederate States of America Army who deserted his post while serving with the 1st Louisiana Infantry Regiment in 1862. The narrative begins with Cox's arrest and imprisonment in the Castle Thunder Prison in Richmond, Va. The narrative details Cox's escape from prison and his many subsequent escapes from military custody. After Cox's escape from military guard in Bristol, Tenn., W. B. W. Heartsill was charged with investigating the escape and with finding Cox. Upon his recapture, Cox was sent to Heartsill's office in Bristol, and Heartsill worked to secure Cox's release as part of the general amnesty offered to Confederate deserters by Jefferson Davis on 1 August 1863. Heartsill went on to advocate on Cox's behalf in two subsequent incidents: once when Cox was arrested on a theft charge, and again when Cox was arrested on the old desertion charge. Meanwhile, Heartsill left his position as Chief of Police in March 1864 and became a scout, eventually joining Osborne's Scouts in May of that year. The narrative details various missions and engagements with Federal forces undertaken by Heartsill, sometimes accompanied by Cox. The narrative ends with the conclusion of the war and a brief account of Cox's life after the war, ending with his death in a cholera epidemic in 1866. Heartsill's opinion of Cox throughout the book was very positive; he lauded Cox's courage, good humor, and resourcefulness, and sought to disavow his reputation as a "desperate character."

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Administrative Information

Restrictions to Access

No restrictions.

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Reel 1: Entire collection

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Online Catalog Headings

These and related materials may be found under the following headings in online catalogs.

Castle Thunder Prison (Richmond, Va.)
Confederate States of America. Army--Miliary life.
Confederate States of America. Army--Military police.
Confederate States of America. Army. Louisiana Infantry Regiment, 1st.
Cox, J. J.
Military deserters--Confederate States of America.
Desertion, Military--Confederate States of America.
Heartsill, W. B. W., b. 1841.
Scouts and scouting--Confederate States of America.
Soldiers--Confederate States of America--Biography.
Tennessee--History--Civil War, 1861-1865.
United States--History--Civil War, 1861-1865--Personal narratives, Confederate.
United States--History--Civil War, 1861-1865--Prisoners and prisons.
United States--History--Civil War, 1861-1865--Scouts and scouting.

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Biographical Note

W. B. W. Heartsill was born in 1841 near Louisville, Tenn., southwest of Knoxville, Tenn. He enlisted in the Army of the Confederate States of America on 8 February 1861 as a private in Captain John Paxton's Company E of the 19th Tennessee Regiment, then was appointed lieutenant in the Tennesse State Service. On 12 August 1861, he was mustered into service with Company E of the 5th Tenessee Cavalry Battalion. In 1862, Heartsill was promoted to the rank of captain and was serving as the Chief of Police for East Tennessee when he met J. J. Cox. Heartsill later served as a spy and a scout with Osborne's Scouts, an independent company of Tennessee scouts. When the war ended, he moved to Arkansas, where he apparently spent the rest of his life. It seems likely that W. B. W. Heartsill was related in some way to William Williston Heartsill, author of the published journal *Fourteen Hundred and 91 Days in the Confederate Army.*

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Collection Overview

The collection consists of a handwritten manuscript entitled *A Confederate Desperado* by W. B.

W. Heartsill. The manuscript tells the story of J. J. Cox (or Jo. J. Cox), a lieutenant in the Confederate States of America Army who deserted his post while serving with the 1st Louisiana Infantry Regiment in 1862. The narrative begins with Cox's arrest and imprisonment in the Castle Thunder Prison in Richmond, Va. The narrative details Cox's escape from prison and his many subsequent escapes from military custody. After Cox's escape from military guard in Bristol, Tenn., W. B. W. Heartsill was charged with investigating the escape and with finding Cox. Upon his recapture, Cox was sent to Heartsill's office in Bristol, and Heartsill worked to secure Cox's release as part of the general amnesty offered to Confederate deserters by Jefferson Davis on 1 August 1863. Heartsill went on to advocate on Cox's behalf in two subsequent incidents: once when Cox was arrested on a theft charge, and again when Cox was arrested on the old desertion charge. Meanwhile, Heartsill left his position as Chief of Police in March 1864 and became a scout, eventually joining Osborne's Scouts in May of that year. The narrative details various missions and engagements with Federal forces undertaken by Heartsill, sometimes accompanied by Cox. The narrative ends with the conclusion of the Civil War and a brief account of Cox's life after the war, ending with his death in a cholera epidemic in 1866. Heartsill's opinion of Cox throughout the book was very positive; he lauded Cox's courage, good humor, and resourcefulness, and sought to disavow his reputation as a "desperate character."

Detailed Description of the Collection

***A Confederate Desperado*, undated**
1 item.

Folder 1
A Confederate Desparado

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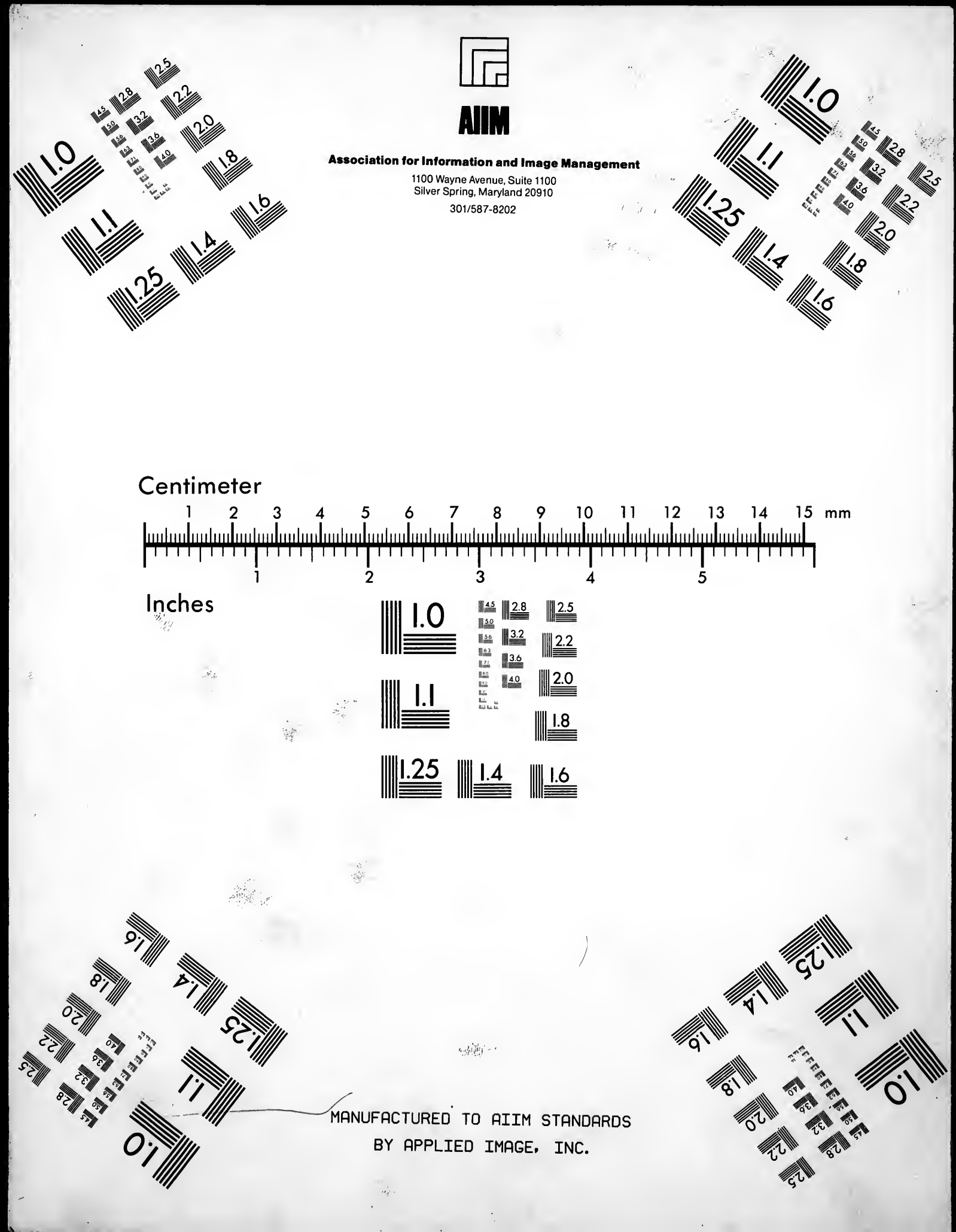
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W. B. W. HEARTSILL, *A CONFEDERATE DESPERADO*

Undated

Folder 1 of 1

A Confederate Desperado.

By

W.B.W. Heartsill.

Captain C.S. Army.

Introductory

In that portion of the "Volunteer State" lying between the Cumberland Mountains, to the North, and the "Old Smoky" range of the Alleghany Mountains, to the South, Geographically known as East-Tennessee, and near the point — some fourteen miles South West of Knoxville, at the Confluence of the waters of Lackey's Creek, and the Holston River — known in earlier years as "The Boat-Yard", the writer was born some sixty years ago.

When war between the States became imminent, he enrolled — on the 8th day of February 1861 — as a private in Captain John Paxton's Company, known as "the Knoxville Guards", and later entered the State's service under General Caswell, by whom, he was appointed a Lieutenant, and assigned to recruiting service.

He assisted in recruiting a Company of Cavalry, and entered the Confederate States Army, being mustered into service — by Colonel D. McKee — on the 12th day of August 1861.

This Company was assigned to, and became Co "E" in the 5th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, Col Geo R. McClellan, Commanding; the Battalion afterwards forming a part of General Felix K. Zollicoffer's Brigade, with which, it remained until the defeat of General Crittenden, and the death of the much lamented Zollicoffer, at Fishing-Creek, and the subsequent rout of our Army at Mill-Springs, Kentucky.

After the formation of the Military "Department of East-Tennessee" — embracing the thirty-one Counties of East-Tennessee, and ten Counties of South West Virginia — under Command of Maj General E. Kirby Smith, and the subsequent "proclamation of Martial Law, within said District;" he was appointed — on the 22nd day of April 1862 — to the position of "Chief of Police, for the Department of East-Tennessee, with the rank and pay of Captain of Infantry."

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It was while occupying this position, that he made the acquaintance of the man, who is made the Central - or most prominent figure in, and by subsequent associations with him, as herein developed, became possessed of the facts, which are made the basis of, this story -

In writing the history of "A Confederate Desperado" I have endeavored to truthfully relate the events as they occurred; to state the facts as they existed.
In doing so I have been forced - by the current of thought, naturally and necessarily involved - to introduce scenes and adventures, seemingly unconnected with the thread of my narrative, but which, to me, are as "interludes to the play - Connecting links to the acts".

It should not be expected, that, after a period of nearly forty years have elapsed, every detail, of the many adventures of this most remarkable man, should be faithfully recalled; or, that the names of Officers, or others Connected with my story, or the language attributed to them, should in each instance be Correctly given; but, there are persons yet living, in that portion of the Country in which the scenes of this mans adventures are - for the most part - told, who will, I doubt not, readily recall, not only ~~not only~~ the man, but the incidents herein related, and bear willing testimony to the truth of the text, of what is found in the following pages.

~~This work was undertaken, with a most profound~~ sense of the writer's inability to perform the work acceptably, and the doubts and misgivings entertained for years, in this behalf, are only now suppressed, through a desire to add, to the current history of events transpiring during the existence of the Confederate States Government, the history of one, known to no one now living, and perhaps to no one then, so well as to the writer; and to relieve, to some extent at least, the memory of a brave Confederate Soldier, from the unjust aspersions Cast upon his name while living, through fear of him, engendered, largely, by his reckless da

In drawing upon the storehouse of memory for matter Contributory to the following pages, many scenes of bloody Conflict have been recalled; even now, through the long vista of intervening years, I can hear "the Crack of the mountaineer's rifle," and "the whist of the Bush-whackers bullet"; I mix and mingle in "the deadly fray" of Contending "Scouts"; or, mid the boom of Cannon, screaming and bursting of Shells, the roar of Musketry and rain of leaden missiles, witness the murderous onslaught of the advancing battalions, and feel again "the shock of battle", press on to victory, or, retire in defeat.

But, amid these sad retrospections, there arises other and more pleasant memories; I am again the audience, to whom, one of those "God-fearing, God-loving, Grace-abounding old Mothers" of the "Mountain Districts" is delivering "a private lecture" of admonition, to a thoughtless, heedless, wayward boy; I am grasping the hand of some Stalwart, aged mountaineer, who has extended to me his hospitality for a night, or, for a season, and who - fondly thinking of his own loved soldier boy - bids me "Gods-Speed", in honest words, that well up from an honest heart; or, I am again surrounded by the health proclaiming rosy Cheeks, of a bevy of joyous, Sweet-singing, mirth-loving Girls, who, having brothers in the "Rebel Army", have learned to look upon all Confederates as brothers, and vie with each other, in bestowing upon me, every Consideration, which, my own dear Sisters Could bestow; I recall - Ah! how gratefully too - the many acts of generous kindness vouchsafed by those Classed as enemies, who, while they did not hesitate to tell me that I was "fighting to break up the best government the World ever saw", were as hospitable, and Kindly disposed toward me personally, as they were loyal to the "Stars and Stripes".

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I am neither forgetfull of, nor ungrateful for, the many kindly acts of my "Comrades in Arms", by which, the warmest and most loyal fulings of fraternal friendship were assured; With them, I ride again along the old familiar roads of East-Tennessee; I gaze upon the lofty peaks of her grand old mountains; I am "fording" her pellucid Streams; & see her rural school-houses teeming with bright beautifull Children; and hear the hearty "Amen!" or, the loud "hallelujah!" as they resound from the walls of her old-time "Log-Church".

East-Tennessee: "the Switzerland of America"; "God's Country"; My Mother! I rejoice that I was born within thy borders; was cradled upon thy bosom; nurtured by thy pure air and limpid waters; and first beheld the light of the rising Sun, as he emerged to view, o'er the lofty peaks of thine own Chilhowee. It was my home, not in the limited sense implied by "local habitation"; it was all my home; wheresoever my pathway led, through her teeming valleys, or o'er her rugged mountains, I had a home among her hospitable people.

To "Rebs" and "Unionists" alike, I was indebted for these homes, and homes indeed they were; at no time of the day, or hour of the night, were their hospitalities denied me, while the glad smile of recognition, and the hearty hand-Clasp, gave an assurance of welcome, words could not express.

God bless these dear, good people! Many of them — the most of them — have gone to their reward.

Do you wonder, that I loved them; and that from the Chambers of my memory, I Call forth these old-time, erstwhile friends, and find pleasure in the Contemplation of their faces, and the recollection of their good deeds and kindly acts, as they pass before me in panoramic review

As I gaze upon this mental panarama, I can but feel,
How dear to my heart, is the picture before me,
In intrinsic worth, more precious than gold;
Around it, grow hallowed memories that cheer me,
In likeness, the faces of friends I behold.
Do you say "tis only a mental illusion; A Spectre;
A Phantom; An Hallucination; that's all"?
Ah! be sure, in my heart, by a cord yet unbroken,
There hangs "a true Copy" on memory's wall,
Stronger than friendship, the Cord that suspends it,
From "the nail in a sure place", steadfast above,
Guards, of Affection, from intrusion defend it,
Enraptured I view it, in the light of my love.

To those of my friends, whose names I have been compelled to use, for truth's sake, I offer my assurance that no offence, or injury to them, was intended, and humbly crave their pardon for liberties taken.

If the truth has, in some instances, made me to appear as inclined to be a little hard upon others, I depricate such a conclusion, as it has not been my intention to wound the feelings of any one, but, if "the truth hurts", I cannot help it, and have no emollient to offer.

If among the reading public, my work shall prove worthy of favor; or, shall serve the purpose of reviving pleasant memories of the long ago, and merit and recive the Commendation of the Charitably disposed among them, I shall be gratified; If there be others, who, for any reason, may find cause for adverse Criticism, I shall endeavor to meekly and patiently bear it, and— "Let 'er go at that."

Chapter. I.

Sitting in my office one morning, wholly absorbed with the contemplation of the day's duties, which lay out before me. I was interrupted by the entrance of a "messenger boy", who handed me the following dispatch:

"Bristol Tenn. ——— 1862.

Capt. W. B. W. Heartsill. C. S.

Knoxville. Tenn.

Lieut. J. J. Cox, of Captain Miller's Company, was arrested this morning, by order of the Secretary of War, and sent to Richmond, Charged with desertion from the 1st La Regt.

V. C. Allen.

Capt Commandg Post."

Captain Miller's Company, and Captain Levi's Battery of Artillery, both then in East-Tennessee, had been recruited from the remnant of Colonel Wheat's Battalion, famous as "the Louisianna Tiger Rifles", which had, a short time previously, been disbanded by order of the Secretary of War, on account of the depletion of its ranks below the minimum, by death losses sustained in the Virginia Campaigns, by reason of its reckless bravery.

Inquiry among Cox's Comrades, failed of noteworthy information, further than that Cox, through his congeniality, and extra desperate qualities, exerted an influence over the men, that raised him to the position of a popular leader, among the members of this most desperate of all Confederate Battalions; but, of his former life and exploits none would speak, as among these men, as with others of the

desperate Class, "names the word".

On the following morning I received the following dispatch from Lynchburg, Va.

"Lieut Cox, dug out of Guard-House, here, last night - knocked a guard in the head, and escaped. Look out for him."

Later in the day a message was received "Cox re-captured".

Nothing further was heard of Cox, for some weeks, when the following telegram - in substance - was received.

"Richmond, Va - - - - - - 1862.

Chief of Police,
Knoxville, Tenn.

Lieutenants J. J. Cox, and Fitzpatrick, escaped from "Castle Thunder," last night. Look out for them - their wives are here, and will be shadowed.

By order,
Brig Genl. Winder.
Comd'g Post.

Surray DeLaigle,
A.A.G."

The wives, of the two men, returned to Bristol, Tenn, the home of Mrs Cox, but, the men "shied the base", giving the detectives considerable work.

Fitzpatrick, Cox's comrade in this escapade, was also a former member of the "Tigers", of desperate Character, and, as I now remember, was charged with murder.

After a time the shadowing Sleuths succeeded in "running to Cover", and re-capturing the two - now recognized - desperadoes, and they were returned to "Castle Thunder," their wives, again taking up their temporary abode in Richmond.

The notorious Character of their former Cleverness, through which they had effected their escape, which was quite generally known, had not only become the subject of Common Conversation, and their future a matter of Speculation, among both Citizens and Soldiers of the Confederacy - particularly in

East-Tennessee, and Virginia - but, had also aroused the Officers, of both Post and Prison, to the necessity of exerting the utmost vigilance, and the adoption of every precaution to prevent, or thwart any further attempt at escape.

The two prisoners were, at first, defiant and taunting; every new precaution taken by the prison officials, was but a new cause for their hilarious comments, gibes and ridicule; the Officers, in charge at the time of their escape, were not only frequently reminded of their lax methods in the performance of their duties, but, were openly charged with utter incompetency; the prisoners often tauntingly making use of such remarks, as "that ~~but~~ the strong walls of "Castle Thunder", under the management of such imbeciles, would be an easy job for raw "Country Conscripts", much less for "Old Soldiers", and, as for "Tigers", all they had to do, was just take a walk out."

The mystery surrounding their escape, and the inability of the Officers to solve, or, to comprehend it - even so far as the development of its smallest details - only served to accentuate the force of the insolence offered, which, in time, became exceedingly exasperating; but, after a few weeks Confinement, the discipline becoming more rigid, as the Officers became more irritable, Cox, and Fitzpatrick, suddenly ceased their bravado, and seemed to have realized, and quietly accepted, the utter hopelessness of their further attempts at escape; Such at least was the Conclusion of the Officers in Charge. While the exemplary Conduct of the two men, became such, as not only to allay the bitter feeling against them, and sooth the irritation caused by their former Course, but, to arouse within those having them under immediate Control, a Spirit of Condonation and Sympathy.

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But, Cox, and "Fitz", were neither Saints, Idiots nor Drones. And, could their now too confiding Keepers, have been able to penetrate the veil of their apparent Contrition for past offences, and their outward show of meek submission, they might have been able to discover the "Wolves in Sheep's Clothing". And, that by their artfully conceived and well executed plans of deception, they had succeeded in hanging the "mantle of Charity" between themselves and their Custodians, and, under its protecting Shadow, were proceeding to render easy of accomplishment, one of the most desperately daring escapes of these desperate times.

In the mean time, Cox, and Fitzpatrick, seeing their Scheme to secure the relaxation of the vigilance of their Keepers, a success, lost no opportunity to strengthen their advantageous position, with both Officers and Guards, neither lost they any time in the excavation of the tunnel, through which, according to their plans, their freedom should be secured -

This Condition existed only for a few weeks, when, One morning as the day dawned upon "the Confederate Capitol", its Citizens were startled, and its Soldiery thrown into a state of excitement and Commotion, as the cry was wafted upon the air, and impulsed by every breeze, "Cox and "Fitz" are gone again!"

Subsequent investigation, by the Officials, prove the report too true, to permit them to escape from their perturbance of mind, and their own impunisance as well, and to them of too serious import to be enjoyed, even as "an Army joke".

Fitzpatrick, after several days spent in quiet security in the very heart of the City, Considering that the Chances, for re-Capture and ultimate Conviction and execution, were largely against him, and that "discretion is the better part of valor", made his way northward, to a point well within the Federal lines. And was safe.

Cox, spurned the idea of leaving the Confederacy, which, -for reasons that may appear later- was quite as safe for him, as would be the teritory north of the Potomac, and for a time sought and obtained shelter in the western highlands of Virginia,

Having doffed his Confederate Uniform and donned a cast off suit of his host- consisting of a fringed hunting shirt of red home-made Linsey, and home-made Jeans breeches, he became at once a fair type of the Virginia Mountaineer while his florid Complexion and Sparse beard, gave him a youthful appearance indicating his age far below the true record of his annual cycles.

The ease with which he conformed himself to his surroundings, soon won for him the Confidence and esteem of these rude, uncultivated people, and he became a great favorite with old and young alike, and soon became a leader in all their in-door Sports and Social functions; was well up on the hunting record; and in the Chase, seldom failed to be "in at the death."

Having Covered the local fields of sport, his restless spirit lured him to other ventures, and with two of his mountaineer associates, he plunged into the wilds of the Alleghany Mountains, and after several days of such irksome toil, as comes only to the mountain explorer, they arrived at a hut on the west side, and having requested the hospitalities of the ranch, had just seated themselves, with their host, his wife and daughter, to partake of the morning meal which had been prepared for them, when suddenly there appeared pointing through the doorway, the muzzles of half-a-dozen muskets, in the hands of as many Yankee Scouts or "bushmen", with a peremtory demand for their surrender, which was promptly Complied with -

The Yankees, having secured the rifles of Cox and his Companions, permitted the old gentleman and

and the two women to retire; thanked the disconfited hunters for having had the meal prepared for them; and leaving their muskets against the wall behind them seated themselves at the table, and with jocular remarks, such, as, under the circumstances, were not calculated to be assuring to Cox. and his friends, but were humorously enjoyed by themselves, they proceeded to partake of the "Coarse but elegant" viands.

Cox. closely watching every movement of these newly found enemies, caught the careless moment he sought, and quietly drawing his pistol, of which they had failed to disarm him, he suddenly surprised them by firing three shots in rapid succession, from the effects of which, the three men at one side of the table had fallen to the floor; he directed his Comrades to grab their guns, and as they promptly complied with his order, he opened fire upon the man who had risen from the end of the table, who sank to the floor mortally wounded, the remaining two begged for mercy and were spared.

The women had fled to the Mountain, and the old gentleman had hurriedly sought a place of safety, but was, however, induced to return.

After Compelling the two prisoners to drag the bodies of their four dead Comrades from the Cabin, and having eaten the remainder of the breakfast, Cox. and his Comrades gathered up the guns of the rangers, with their own and with their prisoners set out on their return.

They reached the "ranch" from which they had started on their trip, with only an extra gun each as a trophy, having left the others in the Mountains, and the prisoners had both "got away".

Cox, remained only a short time at the ranch and Commenced "drifting".

By experience, the detectives had learned something of Cox's tactics; they knew that he was always bold - never sneaking - in his methods and

anticipated that, after a short time, he would tire of his concealment and come into the open.

For once, they were right in their estimate of their man, for in as much shorter time than that which they had allowed him, he was boldly moving around - under an alias - as joyous and free from care, as a "Stock-Keeper" in the office of an Army Medical Purveyor -

So long as Cox, kept aloof from his Wife, and old Comrades - who were allways under shadow when he was free - he was safe; but, this he could not, or would not do, and upon his appearance among them, he was discovered, "hounded to Cover", recaptured, and returned to "Castle Thunder".

Chapter II.

To make sure of their game, Cox, upon his return to "Castle Thunder", was placed in the "Condemned Cell".- a long Cage, one side formed of, or against the wall, the ends, and front, made of heavy round iron rods or bars, two inches or more in diameter, reaching from floor to ceiling, strongly stayed by intersecting horizontal bars, securely rivited to the upright rods; the entrance being closed by a ponderous Iron door fastened and held in place by an enormous lock, made for this special purpose; before this Cell a Sentry, at all times walked his beat, and, at night, gas jets Continuously gave light.

As no one had ever gone forth from this Cell, except those who had gone forth to their execution by "the hangman's noose", or before "the firing platoon", it is highly probable, that up to this time, no one, who had ever entered it, had thought of even a bare possibility of escape from this human hell; but, all had accepted the situation, with the melancholy foreboding that "he, who enters here, leaves hope behind".

Not so, however, with Cox, through his numerous experiences with trouble, he had educated himself to accept the most desperate conditions, with a degree of Complacency akin to Cheerfulness, and heard the "bang" of the great Iron door, and the Click of its ponderous lock, with hilarious, rather than with gloomy despairing expressions: his Countenance and actions, betraying no sense of failing - as had others - of hope's departure.

He knew that the feelings of bitterness

toward him, hertofore aroused in, and exhibited by those in charge, and which he, ~~had~~ for a time, had softened by his subtlety, had been greatly incensed by his successfull escape, and might now again be expected with increased energy and power; and now, since he had been incarcerated in the "Condemned Cell," he felt that his enginuity and energies would be onerously taxed, but, that, in some way, he knew not ~~them~~ just how, they would prove equal to the occasion.

For a few days, he was the attraction to the many curious visitors, all of whom, by his chearfull Conversation, were convinced of his indifference to his fate; gradually, however, he grew less chearfull, and soon became silent, morose, and finally, to those around him, seemed to develope strongly marked symptoms of the Melancholian.

This ruse on his part - for ruse it was - was successfull, in so far, that the prison Officials thinking his Condition due to the excitement caused by the ceaseless throng of visitors, refused to issue further permits to see him, and, save the visits of the prison Surgeon, and the presence of attendants and guards, he was free from intrusion.

During this season of solitude, Cox's mind was far from a state of inactivity; Already had he set about devising and maturing plans for the future; from carefull study of all the incidents connected with his former incarceration, he was satisfied that the Officers, had overlooked his outside accomplices, or, probably, to even suspect that he had such, and, therefore, had failed to discover his methods of Communication with his friends.

Having decided upon the only Course, which, to him seemed to give promise of relief,

he fully informed his friends as to his plans, and upon Consultation, they selected a certain Captain Jones - who then had no connection with the army, having been discharged, for disability arising from wounds received during "the Second battle of Manassah," and who, at the time, was a silent partner in a Saloon and "Sporting Parlor", located as I now remember at No. 214. Main Street; "An all round good fellow", a great favorite with the Soldiers generally, and especially high in favor with those composing the guard - as a most eminently proper person to carry out the details of the plot.

Connected with the Confederate States Armory was one Juan Bardi, (Called Hovan Barde) a machinist, by trade, a mechanic of ability, who enjoyed the much envied reputation of having manufactured the greater part of the "loaded" or "mercury pointed" Knives, carried by Wheat's battalion of "Tigers", and with which they did such fearfull havoc, in their notorious hand to hand Conflicts with the enemy, upon the Virginia battlefields; this man was sought by Jones, and being informed of its nature, was directed to prepare for the work assigned him; which he readily Ac-
-cepted.

Jones, then made the rounds of the City, perfecting his arrangements, as opportunity offered, and wearing "old Castle Thunder", met a relief in Command of a Sergeant; recognizing the "non-com", he Called "Hello Sergeant, how are ye me boy; Say! when are ye off duty?"

"At Six, until twelve." replied the Sergeant.

"Can't ye Come up at Six?" asked Jones.

If I Can get off, yes; Why! What's up! Anything?" Said the Sergeant.

"Oh! nothing serious", replied Jones, "I only wanted to see you about a little matter, and I'm goin to open a fresh Case of that "Auld Scotch Whiskey"

and made a nice "punch" out of the first bottle, and thought as you'd like to be there to sip a bit of it, so be sure you'll come".

"I'll not miss that if I can help it. You can be sure of that". replied the Sergeant.

The Clock was striking the hour of Seven, as Sergeant Gardner, entered the Saloon at No. 214 main Street, he was met near the doorway by Jones, who warmly greeted him, and inviting Gardner, to accompany him to an upper Chamber, Jones, gave an order to the Bar-tender, to send up a pitcher of Punch at once, and the two men withdrew.

Only a few moments had elapsed after ~~reaching~~ reaching the room, until a Servant entered bearing the "punch", and the pair were soon engaged in "Smelling the mugs", and discoursing upon the excellent qualities of the steaming highland beverage.

More than an hour had been spent by the men, in recalling incidents of the Camp and field in which they jointly participated, freely partaking of the punch in the mean time; when, Gardner, - who seemed suddenly to realize the Soldier's duty, and his proneness to forgetfulness under such pleasing environments - said, "I have only the Lieutenants permission, and am without a pass, so I must look to it, that I am not out after "taps", or, I might find myself "run in" by the patrol, and bucking up against "the Military Court" in a struggle to hold on to my stripes; What had you to say to me?"

"Yes!" answered Jones reflectively. "I wanted to talk to you of an important matter. It is a matter of a game for big Stakes; win all, or lose all; there will be only a few of us in it, and the old rule applies; "the man that fails to go his "blind", "Sleeves his Card", or "Shirks the pack" goes out" do you understand? All this in strict Confidence - "mum's the word", that's understood as agreeable to you?"

"Of Course", responded Gardner.

"Well: to be brief" continued Jones, "You know they have "the Sorrel" in harness again, with a strong probability that they will work him this time, if some one don't cut the hamstring so's he can kick about."

"Yes; I understand that", said Gardner, "but how can it be done?"

"Only in one way, and that by your help", said Jones.

"And what would you have me to do?" asked Gardner.

"Simply this", said Jones, "there is only one way to get him out - through the door - and that can only be done with a Key; we can't get the Key from the office, or, if we could, we do not want it; but, what we do want, and must have, is the impression of the Office Key, taken in a mold already especially prepared for that purpose. And you are the man to secure this; it can be done in a pair of minutes, and be worth fifty Dollars - gold or greenbacks - to you, with assurance of valuable assistance in the future. You are an Attache of the Office, and can gain access to the Key, and can do the work, without the least danger of suspicion being Aroused, What say You?"

"Oh, I can get the Key, easily enough, but I would not know how to take the impression", said Gardner.

"We'll care for that", said Jones, "You can be taught, - as I said - in a pair of minutes, so that you will be an expert, so there is nothing to fear on that score."

"All right!" said Gardner, "but, it must be done when I'm not on duty in the Office; I must go now, When will you have McCann again?"

"In two or three days", said Jones, "we have other matters to arrange; the business is not pressing just yet, but don't stay away too long, say the day after to-morrow night, and remember no talk for any one but me, do you understand?"

"Yes; mums the word", replied Gardner, as saluting his Companion, he retired from the room, passed through

the Saloon into the Street, and wending his way along the Crowded thoroughfare, reported as ready for duty at "Castle-Thunder."

At the time suggested, Gardner, Came again to Jones's room, and there-together with Jones-found Bardi, who at once submitted his molds,- in duplicate-to Jones, and Gardner.

They Consisted of two small boxes of proper dimentions, well joined and Clearly fitted, secured by small loose pin hinges, and filled with a light Colored, impressionable, tenacious substance, somewhat resembling wax; with one of these he demonstrated the method, by which the impression might be properly taken, the other being delivered to Gardner, in which to secure the impress of the Cell Key.

Gardner was fortunate in being able to take advantage of an early opportunity, which was presented; successfully performed his part of the work, and returned the impressed mold to Jones, who, at once, placed it in the hands of Bardi, who, in a few days, had completed and placed in the hands of Jones, a Key, a perfect Copy of, but, of superior finish to the Office or Cell Key.

So far every detail of Cox's plans, had been successfully Carried out, but the most dificult, as well as the most hazzardous part of the program, - the execution of the plan of release - was still unaccomplished, to use their own expression as to their situation, the boys were now "hard up against it"; true, they had the benefit of Cox's suggestions upon this point, but the trouble lay in getting some one able to Carry out these suggestions. Cox, was again Consulted, and, in accordance with his wishes, the matter was placed in the hands of "Billy Coyle."

Up to this time, Coyle, had not been taken

into the confidence of the Gang", he was, however, personally well known to them all. He was one of those quiet, sober, unassuming, uncomplaining Characters, so seldom found in the Army; below the medium in size; dark Complexioned, Coal black hair, with peculiar black eyes, expressionless and unfathomable; there seemed nothing about him that would indicate, or suggest his qualification or fitness for so dificult an undertaking.

Cox. knew his Man - I afterwards knew him as a member of "Osborne's Scout" and among that band of fearless, desperate men, none were more gallant and Courageous, than quiet, unassuming "little Billy Coyle". He was killed in the "Nolla Chuckly" River, west of Newport, in Cocke Co, Tennessee, while bravely and fearlessly Contending against overwhelming odds. Craving the pardon of the reader for this digression, for halting to drop the silent tear upon the grave of a brave Comrade, I resume my Story - Coyle, accepted the position assigned him, and selected as his "pal", "Jimmie Roman", who was formerly his Comrade in "the Tigers", and now, as also was Coyle, a member of the prison guard.

"The Key", a pair of felt Shoes, a small bottle of "Cock-tail", and a small Vial of evil sort of mixture, in which assafoetida bore a prominent part, were placed in the hands of Coyle, who quietly bided his time.

Some time elapsed before the opportunity sought presented itself; At last Coyle, formed himself and Roman, "on guard" for the night; Coyle, to come on at eleven O'clock P.M., on "the beat before the Cell"; Roman, Coming on at one O'clock A.M. on the beat outside of, and in rear of the prison.

Coyle, upon being relieved, was succeeded by an Irishman, - who, he knew, would scruple at few things that would enable him to get "a pull at the bottle" - and had placed the bottle of "Cock-tail" in the pocket of a "Yankee over-coat", which hung conspicuously against the post near the gas jet.

As he was leaving the beat, the Irishman called his attention to the fact, that, he was leaving his Coat. Coyle, answering that the Coat was not his, returned to the Guard Room, and divesting himself of his Gun and accoutrements, secretly joined Ronan, on the outer line.

From this position - through an open window - they watched the movements of the Irishman, whose inquisitiveness soon led him to examine the Coat, and who - upon finding the bottle - proceeded to appropriate to his own use a goodly portion of its Contents.

Coyle, quietly awaited developments, and, when the sentinel began to show signs of weariness, which he knew must come, he poured the assafoetida compound over the soles of the felt shoes, and as the Irishman, sank down upon the Coat, which, he had taken from the post, and placed near the wall, Coyle, sprang lightly through the opening; turned down the light, and inserted "the Key" into the great Lock. Cox, placing his hand against the rear end of the bolt, to prevent the spring from snapping upon the rebound of the bolt - the door was noiselessly opened; Cox, came out, and hastily put his feet into the felt Shoes; Coyle, re-locked the door; gave Cox, "the Key", and, together, they quietly left the prison.

Passing Ronan's line, unobserved, (?) Cox, made his way around to Main Street, and seeing a Conveyance standing near, with the head of a man protruding

therefrom, approaching it, he demanded, "where away Cab?" Promptly the answer came from the man inside "On to Richmond!" The Cab door flew open, Cox, shuffled the shoes from his feet, entered the Cab, closing the door behind him, and was rapidly borne away; He had succeeded in his plans; his purpose had been accomplished; he had bidden defiance to bolts and bars, and now, like Maj Crawford's runaway Slave - he was "loose and free".

When the Three O'Clock, A.M. relief came on, the Irishman, though not fully recovered from the effects of the "Cocktail", was sensible enough to conceal his condition, and, as Coyle, after seeing Cox, free, had returned and possessed himself of the bottle containing the remainder of the "Cock-tail"; when the breakfast hour had arrived, and the escape was discovered, there was absolutely no Clue, by which the officers could arrive at any Conclusion, as to the manner of escape, or, at what hour, or upon what watch, it had been effected, but one thing - at least - they did know, Cox, was gone.

As an escape from this Cell was considered, by almost every one, an impossibility, unless, as in the Case of Paul, and Silas, miraculously effected; and as no one believed such super-natural power could be obtained in these latter days, much less successfully invoked, by a Criminal - against the power of the great and only Confederacy, it was thought by many that the authorities had, either disposed of Cox, in some quiet and mysterious manner, or, that his escape had been effected through the Connivance of the prison Officials; but, as no evidence could be adduced, as the basis of such suspicion; the Continuous and persistant search,

for several days, within the city, by - and the earnestness of - the Officers responsible for the safekeeping of the prisoners, had the effect to dispel all such unjust illusions -

Days passed; the excitement abated; quiet again prevailed; the adventure ceased to be a common topic of Conversation, and amid the ever occurring excitement of the many changing vicissitudes of these perilous times, the incident had been, by many, forgotten.

Every effort, of the detective force, to locate the fugitive, proved futile; all search was unsuccessful, and, at last, all hopes of his recapture, were indefinitely deferred -

Chapter III.

One morning - a few weeks after the occurrences spoken of in the preceding Chapter - the attention, of quite a number of persons, was attracted to a young Officer, just emerging from the front entrance of the "American" Hotel.

Such an incident, of itself, would not be considered as noticeable, as Richmond, was, at that time, Constantly Crowded, with an ever increasing throng of Confederate officers, but, about this young Officer there were some strikingly attractive and distinguishing features.

He was of medium stature; of strong athletic proportion; light Auburn hair; Clean shaven face, except a light sandy moustache; Clear rosy Complexion; large, strongly penetrative, steel grey eyes; and, was dressed in a faultlessly fitting, spanck new, "regulation uniform" of Confederate grey Cloth, finished with buff Collar and Cuffs, and elaborately trimmed with gold lace: the buff trimming, and three lace bars on each side of his Coat Collar, denoting his rank, as that of Captain of Cavalry; nicely fitting boots encased his feet, reaching quite to his knees; while, upon his head, he wore a rather broad brimmed felt hat, the left side turned up and fastened to the Crown by a bright metalic rosette, from which, a long black feather trailed over the rear portion of the brim, nearly reaching his shoulders.

His stick was soldierly and graceful; his ~~step~~ Carriage majestic, bordering on haughtiness; And his general mien, that, of one self satisfied, self-reliant,

determined and fearless.

As he slowly wended his way through the throngs of Officers, in faded-service worn-Uniforms, the Contrast was, indeed, striking, and, it could hardly be wondered at, that, while the Sentries, and patrols, gave to others duly the passing salutation, to him they gave it at "present Arms!" Presently he Crosses the Street and his steps are directed toward the Office of the "Commandant of the Post."

Entering the Office, he finds the Commandant engaged, and, respectfully uncovering himself, in the presence of his superior, quietly bides his time.

The Commandant notices him, and, when he had finished the business in hand, turned to the Officer, and, fixing his eyes full upon him, in a half enquiring-half Commanding tone, asked, "How Can I serve you?"

With respectfull salutation he replies by question "Are you General Winder?"

Being answered in the affirmative he continued "I am Jo J. Cox"—

"What!" exclaimed the General-interrupting him-"the man who escaped from "Castle Thunder?"

Cox, seing the Generals surprise, quietly answered "The Same, Sir."

In amazement at Cox's audacious Coolness, and, himself under an excitement, momentarily lost to Control, the General suddenly blurted out "How the D-l did you get out of there?"

Cox, undisturbed by the General's abrupt manner, Calmly, and respectfully replies, "Pardon me General, but, as that is a matter of private Concern, I must decline to answer any questions upon that point, but, as you are aware, I escaped, and, as you see, I am here, and that too of my own volition."

General Winder,-gazing at the man before him,

with apparent studious attention, his changing features betraying curiosity, astonishment and admiration - recovered somewhat his wonted calmness, and acknowledged the justness of Cox's reply with, "You are right! it is a matter of private Concern to you, and, of Course, your prudence may dictate to you, the importance of with-holding information upon that point, and you certainly may, if you choose to do so, exercise such prerogative; You doubtless understood, that the abrupt eagerness of my question, as also the question itself, was prompted by the earnestness of my desire for the information sought; let that suffice now; but, I am anxious to know - under the Circumstances by which you are surrounded, and of which, you must be fully informed - Why! after having, more than once, effected your escape from our strongest prison, and once from its strongest Cell, you should again jeopardize your liberty, by voluntarily Coming to My Office?"

"Upon this point, I think I can give you satisfactory information", said Cox, "I am tired of being hounded, General, and Came here for the purpose of submitting to you a proposition."-

"A proposition!" exclaimed the General, interrupting him, "of what nature and import, pray?"

"It is this", said Cox. "I think, General, that I have fully demonstrated the fact, that your guards Can't Keep me, and that prisons wont hold me"-

"That has been pretty Clearly demonstrated, I grant" chimed in the General, "What next?"

Cox, resumed, "If you will give me <u>parole</u>, with the limits of the City; to report to your Office at such times as you may require, I will Keep it; and as an assurance that <u>I will Keep it inviolate</u>, I offer my voluntary presence in your Office."

"Your proposition", said the Genral, "in view of all the incidents connected with your case, and the circumstances surrounding it - though remarkable - I must confess, would seem to merit - at least some - consideration. It is said to be true, that among some of our Semi-civilized tribes of Indians, such a course, as your proposition suggests, is sometimes adopted, and, for ought I know may be the course generally pursued by them, I am not fully informed as to that; but, to place a man in your condition - that of having been tried, convicted and condemned to death - upon parole, or, to release him, upon his own personal recognizance, would be to pursue a course, that, would certainly be without precedent, among Civilized Nations."

"It may be true, Genral, that no precedent can be found, among Civilized Nations, for such action", said Cox, "but, I wish now, to emphasize the fact, that, it is equally true, that, the voluntary surrender of a man condemned to be shot, or, the placing of himself in the very jaws of power - without means of defence - as I have done to day, by coming to these "H^d Qrs," is also without precedent among - so Called - Civilized Nations; I desire to say further - and your knowledge, and accredited information will corobarate my statement - that, no guard has ever kept me in his power, or under his control, and no prison has ever held me, longer than I have willed it otherwise; when prison life becomes too monotonous, I take leave of it; when the seclusion necessary to safety, on the outside, becomes tiresome, I do as I have done to-day, place myself in position for recapture. I have tussled with guards to effect an escape, but, have never resisted arrest; at no time, have I been re-captured, that I was not sufficiently advised of the movements of the Officers, as to have easily avoided them, had I so wished.

"It is said "there is honor among thieves".
I protest that I am no thief, General, but, confess
to being generally recognized, as of a class of
men, not altogether, fitted for the society of Angels.
Among my Class, there is "a bond that binds",
'tis "the word of honor"; when once given, it is
never broken, even to save life: You can put
me under that bond, and Rely on me, or, you
can again put me in prison and take Chances."
General Winder, sat in meditation, for some
moments, without speaking, then turning his eyes
upon Cox, said, "That we have no precedent, for
either phase of the Case, is, I think, evident;
That your statement, in regard to your escapements,
are practically, if not literally true, I have reason
to believe; and, I must confess, Sir: that your
presence here to-day, considered in the light
of all the surroundings: your Calm, dignified
bearing, and your frank statement of the
reasons for your appearance, have inclined
me to the belief, that you have spoken truly,
and, to the presumption that your proposition
for, and promise to keep parole, are honestly
made, with full intent to fulfill its obligations,
and, if I felt fully authorized to do so, would
not now hesitate to grant your request.
As Commandant of this post, my Authority
- under restricted by the special order of the
Secretary of War - is practically unlimited,
when exercised within the scope of law and
precedent, but, this Case is without the pale
of either, law or precedent, however, I shall
take the matter under advisement, and, in my
Conference with the Secretary of War, to-day,
I shall present the Case to him, and hope we shall
be able to reach some satisfactory Conclusion. In
the meantime, I shall request, that you remain in
the Office, until the matter is determined."

To this arrangement, Cox, gave ready assent, and at the suggestive invitation of the General, took a proffered seat within the railing.

After an absence, of some two hours duration, General Winder, returned to the office, and, after a short Conference with his A. A. G. he announced to Cox, the acceptance of his proposition, and informed him as to the stipulations of the parole.

A few minutes later, an attache handed to the General, a paper, to which, he affixed his official signature, and handed it to Cox, for his perusal. In substance it was as follows:

"Hd Qrs Department of Virginia,
Office, Commandant of the Post,
Richmond, Va.
April 12th 1863.

Special Order. No 28.

I - Lieutenant J. J. Cox, of Captain William Miller's Company, unattached, being under arrest, by order of the Secretary of War - is hereby paroled, within the Corporate limits of the City of Richmond.

II -

As a Condition of said parole, the said Lieutenant J. J. Cox, will, at all times, conduct himself as becomes an Officer, and a gentleman, and refrain from the infractions of all Laws, Orders or Regulations - Civil or Military - now in force at this Post: and will report in person - or - in Case of physical disability - by the Certificate of a regularly Commissioned Surgeon, of the Confederate States Army - to these Hd Qrs, at the hour of 9 O'Clock, A.M. of each day, during the extension of said parole.

III -

Officers, Patrols, Guards, and Sentries, will accord to the said Lieutenant J. J. Cox, the fullest measure of freedom Consistant with their instructions under the "Police Regulations," of the said City of Richmond, Va.

so long as he comports himself with the conditions as set out, and contained, in section II. of this order:

Provided, however, that, upon violation, by said paroled officer, of any, or all of the conditions contained in said section II. of this order, any officer, Patrol, Guard, Policeman, sentinel, or private soldier of the Confederate States Army, may, and, it is hereby made the duty of all such officers and soldiers, to cause the arrest of said paroled officer, and that upon such arrest, they report, with him, forthwith to these Hd Qrs.

By Order.
J.B. Winder, Brig Genl
Commanding Post.

Murray D. Laigh.
A.A.G. "

Cox, having received the parole, at the hands of the General, carefully read its contents: and arising from his seat, respectfully saluted the General, and courteously thanked him for his kindness, assuring him of the most strict compliance with its every requirement; when, after placing his signature upon the "Register of Officers visiting the City", he was permitted to go home, unguarded, and untrammelled save by his "Word of Honor."

It is, perhaps, needless to say, that, upon his exit, which had been witnessed by every Attache of the Office, he became the subject of a rather animated discussion, every known detail of his eventful life being presented, with their accompanying embellishments, it being the final and unanimous Conclusion, that he was, in many respects, the most remarkable man of the period.

But few persons, outside of the prison contingent,

had ever seen Cox, and only a limited number of these were able to recognize him in his new clothes, so that he was, comparatively, a stranger in the Capital City.

It was not long, however, until his identity was known, and, being pointed out as the man, of whose exploits so much had been said, and, with whose penality, all, were - more or less - familiar, he became, at once, the cynosure of all eyes, and the object of the interested attention of the curious, of every grade and rank of society, Civic and Military -

While respectful to all, Cox, did not, regard these attentions with favor, and only encouraged such, as his experience led him to conclude - might prove helpfull in the future; and, although, as a rule, he was much given to volubility of speech, he was apt, at times, to become painfully reticent; but, in his intercourse with the multitudes who plied him with their ingiisitive attentions, he adopted and maintained, a very Conservative Course, allowing nothing to tempt him to drop an unguarded remark, such as might, even under most unfavorable construction, be used against him.

He knew that his future - while largely depending upon himself for successful issue - would necessarily require the assistance of others, and, that such assistance, to be valuable, must Come from prominent Civilians, Officers of the Army, or, Soldiers of the line, as the necessities of the hour might require; and, to these three classes, particularly, he gave his attention, in the formation of friendships.

His free and easy, frank manner, in which he gave, in detail, the account of his actions, resulting in his troubles, and, recounted the

incidents of his life, which, had postponed his incarceration after trial and condemnation, won for him, the consideration of many of the most prominent officers, and citizens, of Richmond, not a few of whom, practically interested themselves in his behalf; while the soldiers of the line, were almost unanimous in their regard for him, as a living hero, unjustly condemned to martyrdom, in the interest of an unnecessarily severe red tape discipline.

Being somewhat indisposed, Cox, visited the Medical Director, and, was by him sent to the Chief Surgeon, of one of the Military Hospitals for treatment; here, he declined admission as a regular patient, and, was permitted to make daily calls for examination and treatment; At this particular time, the Hospitals were crowded with wounded; Cases requiring surgical operations were numerous, and the number of nurses, adapted to the performance of the duties of assistants, in this most important branch of Hospital service, was noticeably insufficient; Cox, in whom - notwithstanding his apparent indifference to human suffering - "the mind of human kindness", was largely predominant, gave his service in this behalf when required, and by his cool, prompt and intelligent action, proved himself of such value, as not only to merit, but, elicit the commendation of the entire staff of Surgeons, and Assistants, and was thus largely aided in the accumulation of friends.

Chapter. IV.

For three months, Cox, had promptly reported at Post Hd. Qrs, at 9 A.M. daily, and entered his name upon the "Register", kept for the purpose already indicated, when one morning he noticed, as he entered, an unusual number of guards in the Office, and, at once correctly conjectured the cause of their presence.

Saluting the Commandant, that officer, upon returning the salutation, introduced him to Lieutenant Jarnagin, then turning his attention again to Cox, resumed,

"Lieutenant, it becomes my unpleasant duty to
"inform you, that, by an Order from the War Department,
"I am directed to take up your Parole, and to place
"you in charge of a discreet Officer, with sufficient
"guard, who shall promptly deliver you to the
"Colonel of the 1st Louisiana Infantry - now with
"General Joseph E. Johnston, in the Department of
"Mississippi - in order that execution may be
"had upon you, of the Sentence of "the Military
"Court", as returned in your Case: I say unpleasant
"duty, it is more; I assure you that such a duty,
"is to me, a painful one: Our relations, while
"of the most extraordinary Character, have, nevertheless,
"proven altogether satisfactory, and, I might add,
"that - barring the thought of attending Circumstances
"- our association has, to me, been rather more
"pleasant than otherwise.
"The Course pursued by this Department, in your Case,
"was regarded, rather as experimental than expedient,
"and was taken with some misgivings as to its propriety;
"and, for a time, in your every movement, you were closely
"shadowed, by the most vigilant of detectives, whose
reports were, at all times, corroborative of your
apparently Correct demeanor, and, by and through which

"We daily became more settled in our convictions of your purpose, to honestly and faithfully perform every obligation enjoined upon you, by the terms of your Parole: You have fulfilled our expectations, and we thank God, that you have done so; not that your presence here - as the result of predominant Courage and honesty, upon your part - may have saved me from the humiliation, which must have fallen to my lot, had you broken the terms of your parole, and escaped, but for the effect of its' valuable lesson; for, to one, like myself, educated in, imbued with the Spirit of, and absolutely under the power and Control, of the law of Strict Military discipline; unaccustomed to its relaxation, even in the smallest degree; Such an example, as is afforded by your actions, has had a strong tendency to mollify the feelings; elevate the purposes and strengthen the resolves, to soften, so far as I may, the austerity of discipline: Satisfied, as I now am, that there are, at least some, who, while incorrigible to the usual modes of discipline, would yield, readily, to more mild and humane Methods.

To see thus, increases ones faith in the inherent good qualities of humanity; Satisfies him with his mundane existance, and, the better qualifies him for pleasant business relations, and higher social enjoyments with his fellow Creatures. Not alone with myself, has such a feeling been engendered, but, among others, as evidenced by the many strongly written appeals for Clemency in your behalf, which have reached these H.d Qrs, from prominent Citizens, Officers in the Army - field, post and line - all of which have been forwarded - with favorable endorsements - to the War Department.

The Secretary of War, with whom I have had several personal interviews, assures me, that the efforts of friends in your behalf, have been

accorded due, and Careful Consideration; but it is the Conclusion of both, the Secretary of War, and President Davis, that, in view of the present morale of the Army, particularly in the Southern Departments, whose forces are largely depleted by desertions, exemplary executions, are absolutely necessary, to stay the tide of disintegration, and, that, as the execution of your sentence, would take place in that portion of the Army most effected, such execution - Considering your good qualities as a Soldier, save in the one respect - would produce a strongly salutory influence, hence, interference in your behalf, would have a tendency to weaken the power of discipline, and, to increase the now too potent - Spirit of insubordination, in the ranks.

The efforts of your friends have proven ineffectual; by the stern mandate of Military discipline, the last avenue to Clemency has been closed against you; and you are now left, face to face, with an inexorable fate.

In speaking to you at such length, of efforts, details and final results in this behalf, I am not unconscious of having exceeded the bounds of military usage, and possibly, of Official prerogative; Presuming, that, from its inception, you have divined my object, and feeling that you will Cheerfully Condone the fault, if fault it be. I have no apology to offer to others; I have simply done what I Conceived to be my moral duty, in advising you of the earnest efforts of friends in your behalf; ineffectual: tis true, but, nevertheless, sincere and importunate; that, you may have Knowledge of the existance of such friends, and, that such Knowledge may prove Consolatory, throughout the brief hours of your future existance; and, that you may, the more fully realize your Condition, and make

"the necessary, essential, preparation for your
"approaching demise; In all your efforts at
"such preparation, I trust and pray that you
"may be vouchsafed the guidance and assistance
"of an omnipotent and merciful Redeemer."

Cox, though visibly effected by the General's discourse, maintained his wonted external composure, throughout its delivery, and at its Conclusion, unbuttoned his Coat, and thrusting his hand into an inner pocket, drew forth the parole, and handing it to the General, in a voice entirely free from any evidence of embarrassment, yet, modulated into tones of respectfull veneration, said; "General; permit me to say, that, if my true Character was even so base, as the sentence of "the Military Court," - largely due to the unsavory reputation, acquired by association - would indicate, I would Confess the justness of that sentence - which I Know and feel is quite the reverse - if I was unable, at this moment, from the very depths of my heart, to assure You, and through You, other friends, who have so generously proffered their Kindly offices in my behalf, of my highest appreciation of your efforts, and my most profound gratitude for the many expressions of generous Consideration, which, Your beneficent actions imply; I trust you will believe me Sir; When I say, that I very much regret Taking leave of those whose friendship I have learned - for apparent reasons - to so highly esteem and appreciate; Not that fear of the result, seemingly destined to follow, has induced, or even influenced such feeling, for, I Confess, that Conscious of the absence of any intention, on my part, to violate regulations to the extent of the Charge, upon which, I stand Convicted and Condemned, I have never viewed the matter as seriously, as perhaps I should have done; and, even now, when - as You suggest -

"the last avenue to Clemency has been closed against me", I am not without hope of some providential interference in my behalf -

Such an expression, coming from one, who - by ill reputa, martial edict, and Presidential manifesto - has been assigned to the domain of the incorrigible, may seem, if not blasphemous, at least sacrilegious; but, bad as I may confess myself to be, or, however unworthy of such a sentiment; I protest that, as the degenerate son of a pious Mother, I am not wholly lost to the influence of her early precepts, and Christian example -

I believe in my Mother's God; and in His Overshadowing Care, in answer to the prayers of those who truly serve him, indeed, I have been the more firmly rooted in this faith, by the incidents and experiences of my own wayward, reckless life, through which, I have so often been delivered from hopelessly perilous Conditions - as I honestly and firmly believe - through the interposition of Providence, in answer to the importunate prayers of my broken-hearted Mother; and, I do not feel now, that their efficacy will fail me, and, that my Mother's God, will permit such torturing Anguish to overwhelm and rend her pious Soul, as would fall to her lot, through the ignominious death of her boy.

However unworthy, I may feel and know myself to be, I shall continue to hope for the best; but, if the worst comes, I shall die bravely, as becomes a Confederate Soldier and a true Man.

I have but one more request. As our route carries us through Bristol, Tennessee, and we have a "layover" there, of a couple of hours, for Connection, I would like to be permitted to spend the time

"with my Wife, who lives there."

"That is a matter, of which, I can now have nothing to say," said General Winder, "my Authority having ceased, with your transfer to Lieutenant Jarnagin, who, I doubt not, will grant you any reasonable favors, Consistant with his Orders and instructions."

Shaking hands, most Cordially, with, and bidding "good bye" to the General, and others Connected with the office, Cox, in Charge of Lieutenant Jarnagin, and his four guards, left for the "South side Depot," and, an hour later, were on their way to Bristol.

Owing to some delay at Lynchburg, for necessary repairs to Engine, Bristol, was not reached until the afternoon of the next day, Several hours too late for the Connection intended, and Several hours would yet elapse before the departure of the next train over the East-Tennessee and Virginia Rail Road, for Knoxville.

Lieutenant Jarnagin, to whom had been given very Strict Orders, and who, had been fully advised as to the Character of his prisoner, did not view with favor, Cox's proposed visit to his Wife, and, upon arrival at Bristol, declined to permit it.

Even the earnest, tearful pleadings of Cox's Wife, seemed about to prove unavailing, when She suggested that they had prepared a nice supper for the party, and thought they should at least partake of it themselves, and allow "Jo," to enjoy it, as <u>his</u> <u>last</u> <u>meal</u> with them.

Such a suggestion, Coming as it did, from the lips of a good-looking woman, her pleading eyes gleaming through a shower of tears, with their rainbow-hues of promise, and Such a promise! "a good Square Meal!" Coming too at a time when every Soldier in the Confederacy, was acquaint with that uneasy, anxious, restless,

"lost something and can't find it" feeling, resulting from continuously unsatisfied hunger, was "the last straw" to the humpbacked resolutions of the Lieutenant. As the men, at once, appeared anxious to comply with her request, and assured the Lieutenant, upon consultation, that they thought it impossible for the prisoner to escape their vigilancy.

The Lieutenant, also somewhat effected by the allurements of the prospective feast, and magnifying the capabilities of himself and the four men who accompanied him, at last yielded, and the squad took up the line of march toward the Hospice.

Arriving at the house, the Lieutenant halted the guard, and prisoner, at the gate, and proceeded to make a precautionary examination of the premises, which he found of the conventional type prevalent in the East-Tennessee and West-Virginia villages, consisting of three rooms - family room, dining room and Kitchen - succeeding each other toward the rear of the premises, while across an eight foot hallway, was "the best room", with a smaller additional room in the rear, built in the form of "a lean-to", or shed room.

This latter room, which was the habitat of Mrs Cox, had but two openings, a doorway opening from the hallway, and a window, in the rear or outside wall.

Upon entering the house, a sentinel was posted just inside the front door, the entire hall, with all its openings, being brought, at once, within the scope of his vision; At the rear door of the hall, and within a few feet of the entrance to Mrs Cox's room, a second sentinel was placed, his position being such as to command a view of the hall, as also of the outside window of the side-room; while the Lieutenant, and the two remaining guards, were on the qui-vive

inside the hallway -

Supper was soon announced, and all repaired to the Dining-room, Cox, and his Wife, occupied seats at the further side of the table, the Lieutenant graced the head, a guard sat at the foot, and the three other guards opposite to and facing the prisoner.

Ye Gods, what a feast was there! the table fairly groaned beneath its load of the choicest viands, while nothing in the Culinary art had been omitted, which, would add to its zest.

At the invitation of the Hostess - with an added "eat hearty you're welcome - it needed no "long-roll" for the boys to "fall in".

Mrs Margarite Salvage - as I now remember - played the role of waitress upon this important occasion, and soon the boys were mechanically making way with "grub", the scene before them, vividly reviving memories of the fast receding happy past, with fond recollections of Mother, home, and plenty, marred only by occasional retrospective thoughts of the less toothsome, indestructable and indigestable "hard tack and sow belly", of the oft depleted Confederate Commissary; but, it need not be doubted that the boys "eat bravely", giving indubitable evidence of their Capacity in this behalf, and according full honors to the excellent qualities of the bountious repast.

Upon returning to the hall, the sentinels resumed their respective Stations, while Cox, and his wife, were permitted to retire to the privacy of their room, the Lieutenant, privately cautioning the guard at the rear door, to keep a vigilant eye upon the outside Window.

As the time for parting approached, Mrs Cox, came out of her room, Crossed the hall,

entering the dining-room, and returned, bearing a Cumbrous load, Consisting of pitcher of Water, Sugar-Bowl - Goblets, and Lemons, and requesting the guard to open the door - which he did - passed again into her own room -

In a short time she re-appeared, bearing in her hands four Glasses of nice Lemonade, which she proceeded to distribute among the Lieutenant and three guards in the front portion of the hall; re-entering her room she again returned bearing the pitcher, and a glass of Lemonade for the rear guard: sitting the pitcher down, she extended the glass invitingly towards the sentinel, gently apologizing for her delay in serving him, and with her disengaged hand pulled the door to; the sentinel advanced and accepted the proffered glass, lingering only momentarily, listening to her pretty speech, and returned again to his post.

The glasses [redacted] - at her solicitation - were again re-filled and drained, when, gathering up the pitcher and glasses, she carried them to the dining room, and recrossed the hall, opening her own room door, still holding the knob, she advanced but a step, suddenly stopped, loosened her hold of the door, turned round facing them in the hall, and with an expression of mingled terror and surprise, Called out "Where's Jo!"

Her question, was, as a veritable "Clap of thunder from a Clear Sky"; all was Consternation and bewilderment; Lieutenant Jarnagin, bounded, at once, into the room, but found no one there; the guards who had promptly surrounded the house, were unrewarded, by even a glimpse of the fugitive; Mrs Marguerite,

who had entered the back door, just as the enquiry was made, had seen nothing of him; A man, unloading provender, at the rear end of the lot, was positive that no one had left the premises by that way; None, of the many, who were, at the time, traversing the front street, had seen him; thorough search of every nook and corner, of the house and premises, failed to discover him; The Police force, and Post Guard, were called out, but, all efforts to locate the refugee were abortive; through all this scene of excitement, Mrs Cox, sat in a large rocking Chair - which had been placed in the hall for the Lieutenants Comfort - and, gave vent to her feelings in pitiable moanings, with occasionable outbursts of hysterical sobs of uncontrollable (?) grief. Poor Jo! So Completely had all trace of him been obliterated from the face of the earth, that, it was now a matter of grave conjecture, as to whether he had been "borne aloft on Angel wings, or, by Demons dragged below;" but, one thing seemed Certain, he could no longer be found in the walks of life, or, amid the haunts of men.

I was immediately informed - by telegram - of his escape, but, the absence of my most trusted Officer, and, being myself engaged, at the time, with other matters of importance, rendered it impossible for me to give the matter immediate personal attention, and, it was not until the morning of the second succeeding day, that I boarded the train going east.

I received from the Sergeant of the Train Guard, such information, as he had been able to obtain

in regard to the matter, then dismissing — so far as possible — everything else from my mind, I began the serious, thoughtful consideration of the Case in hand.

The details, which I had so far been able to obtain, were so meagre as a whole, and in some particulars, so Contradictory, that, I found myself unable to apply any known rule of Construction, that gave promise of a satisfactory Solution.

Catching at every possible straw that presented itself, and, finding no support for even a possible Clue, I soon drifted into the intricate mazes of a labyrinthian hallucination, from which I found it difficult to, even partially, extricate myself. Having somewhat regained my Composure, I at once entered upon the consideration of such Speculative possibilities as might arise, in the further development of the Case, and, the adoption of some theory, which — though feebly supported by our limited knowledge of details — might if sustained by facts, yet to be elicited, become practicable.

However, with all my theorizing, I had, up to the time of reaching Jonesboro, been unable to settle upon any definite plan, as a guide for future action.

As the Brakeman, heralded the Train's approach to Jonesboro — by way of pre-eminence the oldest town in Tennessee — I became interested in the result of a Message, transmitted to the Provost-Marshal on the evening before, requesting him to Communicate to Ex Travis Johnson, my order that he board this particular "east-bound train" for instructions.

Chapter V

"Who was E. Travis Johnson?" Perhaps I should tell you - by way of introduction - that, in the early part of 1862, being required to make, what was then considered to be, a hazardous scout, using Cumberland Gap, as my base of operations, I called upon Col Wm M. Churchill - of the 4th (Tennessee) Confederate Regiment - Commanding that Post, and requested that he select, from his Command, a proper person to accompany me; this he readily consented to do, and sent, at once, for Travis Johnson.

Imagine my surprise, when the Orderly, who had been dispatched for the man, returned, and ushered into our presence, a beardless boy, not exceeding five feet and four or five inches in height; of about One Hundred and ten to fifteen pounds in weight; of extremely delicate appearance; thin breasted; Stoop shouldered; and withall, very poorly Clad, in loose fitting, Coiled, "butternut" Kersey Clothing.

Col Churchill, after familiarly addressing him, turned to me and remarked. "Heartsill: here's your man".

At this remark - as if I had not already seen enough to arouse to fullness my fulsome of disgust - the young man turned his face toward me, and leered - I cannot say looked - at me, through a pair of the worst Crossed eyes, it had ever been my misfortune to behold.

Had I acted upon the impulse of the moment, I should have promptly declined his services; but, upon private Consultation with Col Churchill, in which, my misgivings were fully expressed, he assure me, that, however unfavorably I might view the matter of his defection, he would certainly have

chosen Johnson, as his own Companion, were he to take the venture in my stead, and, he did not doubt, that upon trial - the young man would prove fully satisfactory to me.

I advanced toward the youth, informed him of his selection, and its purpose - which he seemed to have understood - and asked him to be ready, at a time indicated as that intended for our departure -

Promptly, and, as if by some magical agency, his physical appearance underwent a most wonderfull Change. Taking the position of the Soldier at "attention"; his Spinal Column as straight as a tent pole; his sunken chest expanded to fullness; and, his eyes assuming their normal position; he gracefully saluted me, a smile spreading over every linament of his face, now the more remarkable for it's comliness; and I - at once - realized, that, the one lesson - so important to be observed by the detective, or scout. that "appearances are often deceptive", had been presented to me - and that too, by a mere youth - in the most forcefully impressive manner.

At the time fixed upon for our departure, accompanied by an Officer of the guard, a Lieutenant of the line, we passed the outpost pickets, and were beyond the jurisdiction of the Confederacy.

We moved off briskly, and kept up a goodly pace, until we had met the incoming Scouts, then, we moved more cautiously, still keeping the road toward "Cumberland Ford," our first objective point.

Later in the evening we left the road and "brushed it", until, just before Sun-set, we reached the hill, or ridge, which, terminates in the bluffs overlooking "the ford," the opposite Shore, of the Cumberland River, fairly well in view.

At this point we halted, for rest and observation,

and were not long in sighting a heavy Column of Federals approaching the River, on the opposite shore. Halting for a few minutes, as if for observation, the Column, Consisting of about a Squadron of Cavalry, Crossed over to our side of the River, and proceeded in the direction of "the Gap".

We then moved to a position on the bluff, quite near to, and almost overhanging the road, which had been cut out of, and lay along the side of, the bluff, between it and the river, for some distance from the ford.

Closely following the Squadron, Came a Regiment of Cavalry, followed by "Head Quarters", and a heavy Brigade of Infantry: this force also moved to the front, except the "Hd Qrs" outfit, and a small detachment - probably a platoon - of Cavalry.

The H.d Qrs tents, were pitched on the side of the road, next the bluff, and, almost under us.

Presently we heard the orders given, as to the disposition of the troops: the situation of the outposts indicated; and points for "picket Stations" denoted.

It was now getting dark, but troops Continued to Come over, and pass to the front, until nine, or ten O'Clock, when the movement, ceased, and soon all became quiet, save the occasional braying of the proverbial "Army Mule", or the violent oaths of some belated teamster, as he gave vent to his long pent up wrath, occasioned, doubtless, by some trivial occurrance.

Soon, however, the Comparative stillness was broken, by the frequent arrivals of persons on horse-back, and it being now quite dark, we ventured still closer, until we reached a position, almost directly over, in full view of, and, not more than twenty feet - I should judge - from the Generals Marquee.

Here were assembled, the Brigade, and field Officers, with Officers of Artillery, and not a few Captains of the line, in what proved to be a "Council of War."

Engineers, displayed their maps, explaining the topography of the Country, and especially pointing out points of Vantage, necessary of Attainment, to assure the success of the proposed Movement.

The General Commanding, elaborately presented his plans, in detail, for the Capture of "Cumberland Gap", suggesting Changes, that might become necessary under possible Contingencies, and, invited discussion of his plans by, and expression of the opinions of, the Officers assembled.

After an hour, or more, Spent in suggestions and discussion, Confined, for the most part, to details, such as the disposition of particular troops; the adoption of Signals; the assignment of Aids; the general distribution of the hospital, or Ambulance and Ammunition Corps; the most practical methods of effecting the successful planting of Artillery upon points of Vantage, and other matters which I do not now readily recall; the plans having been Changed, in only a few - perhaps non-essential - particulars, were approved, and adopted, the time, for the general and final assault, being fixed, at day-break on the third succeeding Morning.

The Conference over - as the boys were wont to say, when we had suffered defeat - "our business lay rolling", and, touching Johnson, I began crawling slowly away from the scene.

When at a respectful distance, we regained our feet, only to find, however, that our enforced Continuance in one position - lying prone upon the ground - for so great a length of time, exposed to a very Cold atmosphere, had benumbed our limbs to such degree, as to render locomotion exceedingly difficult.

However, Starting out very slowly at first, we soon somewhat recovered our wonted strength and action, and keeping well to Cover of the woods, we plodded along, as fast as the roughness of the Country,

and the darkness of the night would permit.

At day-break, we found ourselves several miles from "the Gap", but being satisfied of our safety from "federal interference", we entered the highway, and were enabled to materially increase our progress; after about an hour of swift walking, we discovered a Confederate Cavalcade advancing, and, upon meeting it, found it to be Col Braxner's Battalion, on scout duty; we gave the Colonel such information as to put him on the Alert, and, also informed him that we had important information for Communication to Col Churchill.

Col Braxner, detailed two of his men to assist us - by the "ride and tie" process - in reaching Camp, and as the boy were good Confederates, we were permitted to ride much of the distance, and were at "the Gap", by 9 O'Clock, A.M.

A verbal report was made, which had to be supplemented by a written report, to which I, at once, gave my attention; As it was important that I furnish, as nearly as possible, a copy of the map exhibited at the Council, I here found my friend of invaluable assistance, his suggestions showing his observations acute and accurate, and his memory retentive to a degree approaching perfection.

One of the prominent features of the plan, was the determination to feint upon the front, but, to make the main attack - Opening with Artillery - from a point on the Virginia, side, overlooking the Camp - This Col Churchill, thought incredible for the reason, as he expressed it, of the impossibility of reaching the point, indicated, with Artillery, but. Subsequent events proved the correctness - by corroboration - of our report, but. their movements being anticipated, the Federals, were repulsed, and the Capture of "Cumberland Gap" postponed indefinitely.

Upon my promotion, April 22nd 1862 - largely due to, and accepted at the solicitation of Col Churchill - then Provost Marshal of the Department. I remembered my friend, and asked his detail and assignment to me for duty, which was done.

Under my instructions, he remained in, and, around the city, for some weeks, making necessary acquaintances, and obtaining such information as he could, particularly with reference to the collection and dispatch of "Union mail", which, led, later on, to the capture, by Captain Bill Peeks scout, of Seth Lea, with a package of letters - from East-Tennessee Unionists to their friends in Kentucky, and the "Union Army" - that, to behold, was enough to make a "Star-route" mail Carrier exceedingly tired.

Johnson's field of operation was extended until he had reached the rural districts proper, and I had nothing from him for several days, when I found him among a number of "Conscripts," who were duly assigned to the "Conscript Camp".

I visited Dr Hacker, the examining Surgeon, and arranged with him, that Johnson, should be examined, and discharged, with Certificate of disability, "On account of Strabismus, and a permanent defect in the sight of the right eye."

This proved a most important step, as with this Certificate, he was free from molestation by Conscript Officers, and in possession, with an exhibition of his wonderfull Cleverness in the manipulation of his eyes, and, in producing facial extortions, was accepted as proof of his Assertion "I can fool any of the d—d Confederate Doctors".

This gave license to his boastfullness, an important step - with some folk - in the achievement of notoriety. which, when added to his fair ability as a

Conversationalist, intellectual, or otherwise; His terpsichorean abilities, as displayed "at the Ball", or, the "Hoe-down"; His ready wit, and unfailing supply of "Slang"; and "pert" phraseology; together with his kindly, respectfull attention to the "older-folk"; made him, at once, the leader of "the tough set"; the "beau-ideal" and first man with all the girls; and a general favorite with all his "Union" associates.

I need not give you an account of his many adventures, in detail; how as "Mose Alley", he was arrested in Jefferson, County - as a Spy - by two men belonging to Ashby's Company, and, made to "double-quick", the greater part of the way to Knoxville, having, upon this trip, laid the foundation, in evidence, for the subsequent arrest and Conviction - as a Spy - of the Noted Federal Captain Harris, who, was condemned to be hung, and sentence Commuted to imprison-ment, for life, in the South Carolina, Penitentiary at Columbia; or, how as "Dempsey Jones", he was taken in by Capt Ragon, of the 5th Tenn Cavalry, together with a squad of "Unionists", who were preparing to leave Anderson, County, for Kentucky: as "Jim Jeffries", he was sent in from Cocke, Co, by Capt Mines, for "seditious utterances"; As "Billy Mayfield", - known to Unionists as a federal recruiting officer - he was returned from Blount, County, as "a generally suspicious Character"; this trip resulting in securing information, leading to the arrest of Iredell D. Wright, Jim "Buster" Henry, F. M. Hood, and other prominent Unionists of that County: or, of his many others adventures as "Chris Simmerly", "Oley Martin", "Fritz Bumgardner", "Dave Isenhour", "Dancy Koontz" "Cluce Woodward", and, under a possible score of other "aliases",

Suffice it to say, that, he was pre-eminently qualified for the work assigned him, and, aside from the successful unmasking of some of the most intelligent, and wary, of the "federal sympathizers," rendered valuable service, by his espionage, upon our own officers and Soldiers, from whom, his identity was carefully concealed -

He enjoyed my fullest Confidence, in his ability, integrity, faithfulness and efficiency;

On the 1st day of October, 1863, just after having passed through the battle of Chicamauga, being at the time attached to General S. B. Buckner's Corps, I received orders to report to Gen'l Donaldson, at Abingdon, Va, and, returned Johnson, to his Regiment, then at Chickamauga, since which time, I have never heard of him.

He was raised - I think - near Savannah, Tenn; His full name as I know it was E. Travis Johnson and, if living, should be less than sixty years of Age. Living or dead: it is due to him, or, to his memory, that full recognition of his valuable service, in behalf of "the lost Cause," should, even at this late hour, find expression through his most intimate Superior Officer.

Chapter VI.

Anxious - as I have said - as to the result of my message, I leaned out of the window and carefully scanned the features of those gathered upon the depot platform, to meet the incoming train, but, no Johnson, was there; I then walked to the platform of the car, and, from that vantage ground, still more carefully continued my search, and, when the train "pulled out", was satisfied that I had closely scrutinized every face and form, but, with very unsatisfactory result.

I had again settled myself in the seat, as comfortably as conditions would permit, and was most ungratiously nursing my disappointment, when the Sergeant of the train guard, brought to me a man, whom he had found on board "without a pass".

I looked at him: In appearance, he was but a mere youth, a mere stripling; a regular "green-horn" mountaineer boy: I interrogated him sharply, which seemed to greatly confuse him, the passengers gathering around us to enjoy his embarrassment; at length he seemed to recover himself, and in an attempt to answer my question, said. "I'll jist tell you the whole truth, Capin. My name is Luke Sizemore, now that's the truth, that my name; I live over herin Hancock Co, jist beyant the line of Hawkins, An' if you'ins don't b'lieve 'im a tellin the truth, you kin jist go over thar en you'll find a whole passel er folks thar as knows me, an kin tell you all about me; My Maw, she's got a brother, as lives way over on the South fork of Holston, well he's my uncle you know, well I'r never seed him, but my maw says, as he's a mighty fine man, and have got lots er land, an a whole passel er money. So I thot

I'd jist go over thar en see him, en mebbe-so he'd taste er listin' ter me, you see I'm my mawr boy, en she's his sister you know, en thet makes us kind er kin like, en he moughtn't take it inter his head ter gimme sum kin' uv er lift; so ez I didn't hev no critter ter ride, I 'cluded ter hoof it ez fur ez Jonesburg, en then I thot I'd ride the bear ez fur ez Bristil. I'd never rid no bear afore, en when I got ter Bristil, I cud hoof it out ter my uncle, thets my mawr brudder, ez lives out on the south fork er Holston - when I gotted on ther bear, a feller made me set down, en I set down on one er them hern benches, en then this 'ere feller comed erlong en ast me did I hev any pass, I didn't hev any pass, I don't recon, fur I never heam tell er one erfore, en didn't no what er pass looked like, en then he took en fotch me ter you. Now, afore God, Cappn, thets ther Gospil truth; I never knowed I hed ter hev any pass, or I wouldn't er tried ter git one, en, ef you'll jist lemme go on this time, you'll not ketch me ridin er no more bears, en, ef my uncle, thets my mawr brudder, don't do suthin fur me, en I've got ter go home agin, I'll jist hoof it, now thets the truth, I surely will."

Directing the Sergeant to leave him to me, for the present, while in the discharge of other duties, and, asking to share my seat, which he did, the Sergeant left us, and after some commonplace remarks, to satisfy the curiosity of those around us, the conversation logged, the curiosity of the passengers was sated, and they resumed their seats, leaving us quite alone.

"Why did I not see you on the platform?" I asked him, "I was not there", he replied, "I swung on from the other side, and, was in the car, when the train reached the platform." and Johnson, alias "Lush Sizemore", and I, got quickly down to the earnest Consideration of the Case in hand.

Greatly strengthened by the presence of my "right bower." Confidence was, in a measure, restored, and my mind was relieved from the shadow cast upon it by the incubus of the morning. And I was not long in formulating plans for our future action.

Upon arrival at Bristol, we would each gather all the information possible, in reference to the escape, carefully noting every detail. I would secure the services of some one familiar with the surroundings, and, make a night observation of the premises, and that further Council be held later.

Arrived at Bristol, I directed the Sergeant, to "let the poor ignoramus go," and proceeding at once, to Post Hd Qrs, procured for "Luke," a "pass the bearer, day or night," and stepping outside, where he was in waiting, delivered to him, the necessary equipment for "Owling."

Returning to the office, I informed the Commandant, that, after I had procured something in the way of refreshments, I desired a Conference for information; he informed me that Lieutenant Jarnagin, was still there, and, that he would have him in attendance, and, would also have present, a trusted Sergeant, who was thoroughly acquainted with the premises, to act as guide in my proposed detour.

I then went to the "Lancaster House," and secured a room, advising the proprietor, that, it would probably be late when I returned, and, after Supper, repaired to Post Hd Qrs; where I found Lt Jarnagin, and, a Mr Reynard, a detective, who had been sent to his assistance, from Richmond, to both of whom, I was introduced, by Captain Allen, Post Commandant, and we retired to a private room for Conference.

At my request, Lieutenant Jarnagin, gave me a detailed account, of his acquaintance.

and experience with Cox, particularly of the ~~most trifling~~ incident connected with his escape, the substance of which has been given in the preceding pages. (See supra pp 40 to 44.)

The detective had been upon the ground some twenty hours, and his Captain Allen, and Lieutenant Jarnagin, was unable to advance even a possible clue, by which the mystery might be unravelled.

With the Sergeant as guide, I directed my steps in the direction of the Snapp mansion, where the escape occurred, for, as I had already been informed, Cox, and his Wife, had no home of their own, but, occupied a room in the home of her fathers family, that of an elderly gentleman named John Snapp, who formerly lived, and, perhaps, then owned a farm in the Country, only a few miles distant, but, was now living in town, and kept a private boarding house. I knew the family quite well, later, but do not now remember to have made any enquiry, or investigation as to their property.

Snapp and his Wife were worthy, honest people, but, as is too often the Case in this wicked world of ours, that the best of people are called upon to bear the most serious afflictions, through the incautious actions of their Children, so it had proven with these good people, and they keenly felt the Chilling effect of the shadow Cast athwart the once happy -now saddened- home, by the too hasty marriage of their lovely daughter, Mattie, to the wild and reckless Cox. The family were highly respected by their neighbors, the Children all shared the love of the parents, but, all had married and been withdrawn from the sheltering Care of the parental home, except Mattie, who, now seemed to be the favorite of the old people, due largely, perhaps, to parental sympathy, on account of -what they Considered- her unfortunate Alliance, and, while Cox, was always Considerate of the feelings of these good people, while in their presence, he was never fully able to disarm them of their prejudice

against him, much less to develop their interest in his behalf, to such an extent as to be able to command their assistance in the day of his trouble. With poor Matt, it was quite the reverse. She really loved the "gay and festive" Lieutenant, and married him because of that love. True; she knew little, or nothing of his former career, and thought less of what "it might have been". She knew and only cared to know that she loved him, that was enough; and, as the meshes of Martial Law entangled him. She soon came to regard the course of his trouble, as in the nature of persecution, and so intensely was she interested for his safety, that her very soul, as it were, became incarcerated within his prison walls, and her wifely devotion arose to heights of sublimity, seldom attained by one so young, while before her skillfully devised and well matured plans, and her heroic execution of them, even their most inveterate enemies bowed in silent admiration.

On the evening, on which the escape occurred, Mr Snapp, nor his wife, were either of them seen by Lieutenant Jarnagin - owing, possibly, to their being on a visit to the farm - at any rate, as Jarnagin, expressed it, "they were conspicuous for their absence". Mrs Jennie Salvage, was not a member of the family, but, a Lady acquaintance and very close friend of Mrs Cox - a fine looking, intelligent woman, of most excellent character - who lived on main Street, some distance removed, and was only present to render her friend - Mrs Cox - such assistance, in doing the honors of the occasion, as necessities might require.

Arriving in front of the premises, I found residences upon either side, the three houses being built near the center of their respective lots, which, were separated by the ordinary board fence, several feet of space intervening between the fence and houses.

Passing around to the rear, we found an Alley, of sufficient width for the passage of waggons, and along side of which, on either side, were some small Stables, or Sheds, for Stock, one of which, the Sergeant pointed out to me, as the one at which, the man was unloading provender at the time of the escape; and, pointing to a Clothes line, stretched parallel with the division fence, across one of the lots, he informed me, that, at the time the Alarm was given, the woman of the place was just finishing taking a "Washing" of Clothes from the line, which had occupied her for some minutes, and that, neither of these persons had seen the escaping prisoner.

With this information, in addition to the fact of which I had previously been informed - that Several persons were traversing the front Street in close proximity to the house, at the time, none of whom had seen him, I was forced to the Conclusion, that, he had either escaped across the other lot, or, had been so Concealed in the house as to successfully elude the search of Lieutenant Jarnagin, and his men, and that subsequently made by the Post Guards; However, the reported Statement of Mrs Galvroge, who was said to have been in the back yard at the time, that She had seen nothing of him - though, on account of the somewhat interested friendship existing, taken with some grains of allowance - if true, would Compell the belief that the house had provided him refuge.

Dismissing the Sergeant, I returned to Main Street, and found "Lusk", waiting for me under the protecting shadow of the Hospital; Giving him what information I possessed, much of which he had also gained from other Sources, I unfolded to him my plans, and directed, that if

possible, he enroll himself as a boarder - taking breakfast as his first meal - at "Hotel Snapp".
We then walked together to the Hotel, where, I asked Lancaster, to provide him with lodging for the night at my expense - quietly telling him that he (Lusk) was a poor devil, whom, I had picked up on the street - without, ~~a~~ [illegible] money - and leaving them, I retired to my room.

On the next morning, when I came down for breakfast, Lancaster, informed me, that after I left them, the fellow enquired of him, as to who I was, and, before leaving in the morning, requested him to express his obligations to me, for my kindness in his behalf -

After breakfast, I went to Post Headquarters, and asked Captain Allen, to write, and dispatch a note to the man, over whom Lt. ~~was~~ thought Cox, might have made his escape, requesting him to come to the Office.

He did so, and, in a short time, the Orderly returned and reported, that, the man would be there in a few minutes - When he came, Allen introduced him to me, telling him, that it was at my request, he had been sent for,

I asked of him a private audience, and when alone with him, informed him that my object in seeking the interview, was to obtain whatever information he might possess, if any, in regard to the escape of Cox. He replied that he knew nothing that would be of assistance to me; that, at the time of the occurrance, he was eating his supper; his dog growled, and barked, as though at some one, and his wife, looked through the window near her, to ascertain what had disturbed him, the window was next to Snapp's house - the dog being in his yard, between the house and fence; She saw Mrs Salvage, step hurriedly across Snapp's back yard, and into the door of the hallway, and, almost immediately, a Soldier,

Came running around from the front of the house, into the side of the yard next to them, "there is something up over there", she said, and told him what she had seen.

The Dog grew more fierce at the sight of the Soldier, he stepped into the yard to quiet the dog, and, witnessed the general Commotion, which, he soon learned, was Caused by Cox's disappearance; he did not go over there, and, heard but little that was said, only enough to indicate to him the Cause of the excitement.

I asked him, if it might not be possible that Cox, had escaped through his lot. He thought not; was very sure that he could not have done so; As the dog was a young Bull-Dog, of the most vicious Character; and, no one could pass through his premises without being taken down by him.

"Another exit Closed", thought I, so I now determined to visit the premises, and give them a Carefull examination, with the hope, that I might find sufficient evidence to sustain my only remaining theory, that Cox, had; -for the time being at least- been Concealed about the house.

The Detective accompanied me, and, we soon drew up in front of the gate - only a few feet from the door - and I Called out "halloo!" We waited a short time, when, our first Call having failed to elicit a response, I hallooed again; Presently the door was opened, and, a tidy little woman stood in the door-way, with a white handkerchief held aloft in her left hand, near to and a little above her face, as if to shade her eyes from the glare of the morning Sun-light.

"Does Mr Snapp, live here?" I asked.

"Yes Sir;" she responded.

"Is he at home?" I asked.

"No, Sir; he went out into the Country this morning," she replied.

"Is Mrs Snapp, at home?"

"No, Sir;" she replied. She went with Pa."

"Then you are Mrs Cox; are you not?
"Yes; my name is Cox."
I advanced near her, and as I did so, introduced myself, saying, "Heartill, is my name;" and turning to my Companion, "this is Mr Reynard."
"Oh! yes;" she cried, and bringing her left hand containing the handkerchief down with a sweep, to her side, "you are Captain Heartill." and as I clasped her extented hand in mine, she continued, "I have heard a great deal of you, but this is the first time, that I have had the pleasure of meeting you; walk in gentlemen."
She led the way into the best room, where, turning her attention to a man, who had risen from his seat as we entered, and then again to me, she said "Captain, I would introduce you to this gentleman, but I have not yet myself learned his name."
"Sizemore," he suggested.
"Mr Sizemore, this is Captain Heartill," she continued, "and Mr ——" "Reynard," my friend supplied: whose name she had - in her embarrassment - failed to catch, upon his introduction to her.
As we were being seated, she turned to me, a broad smile overspreading her deeply blushing face, and, in tones indicating a rather humorous disposition, jestingly remarked; "Captain, I guess you're come up to take your turn looking for Jo; haven't you?"
"Pardon me, Madam!" I replied. "You say you have heard much of me, and, I doubt not, that what you have heard, must have created a very unfavorable impression upon you, if I must judge from the tenor of your remark."
"Why! how so?" she asked.
"Well;" said I, A man of good sense, and even ordinary judgement, would hardly be expected to look for one, in a place where - especially if he gave credit to the one sought, for the least measure of prudence upon his part - where he

Could not expect to find him, and, yet your question would seem to indicate that you thought me weak enough to do so."

"No! No! I beg your pardon, Captain," she replied with animation, "I assure you, that it was very far from my intention, to convey any such idea, or suggestion, as that of weakness, or want of judgement, upon your part, and I trust you will now cease to view it in such light: the remark was inadvertantly made, without consideration as to its effect, especially, under such construction as you have seen proper to place upon it: Now, honest Captain; it was only intended as a bit of pleasantry, through the utterance of which, I hoped to be able to break the spell of embarrassment occasioned by your unexpected visit."

"And so - in truth - I understood it" I replied, "and, trust that it may have already accomplished the purpose intended, I beg to assure you, however, that my reply to your question - under a feigned construction - was only intended as a pleasant retort; however, as I did not come to look for Jo, you may rightly judge that I have - in coming - some object in view, and, to relieve you from the necessity of further conjecture, I will frankly state that the object of my visit - your Father, consenting of course - was to make an examination of the premises; You will see, at once, that were I to make a report of my investigation of the Case - which, I will not conceal from you as the purpose of my visit to the City - stating that I had made no examination of the premises, or, what would amount to the same thing, in effect, fail to mention that such examination had been made; such a report, would not only be taken as sufficient evidence of my carelessness and inefficiency, but, like the worthless government Mule, would justly deserve the brand "I-C"; and, I am indeed sorry to find your Father, absent."

"His absence shall from no barrier Captain. You are welcome to proceed with your contemplated investigation" she replied.

"I rather dislike to do so, in his absence, and without his Consent," said I.

"Oh! never mind that," she said, "the house has been frequently searched without his Consent even being asked, and without the interposition of an objection by him; I am quite sure, that, were he here, he would appreciate your Condescension, in making such request, and, would not only readily and Cheerfully grant the permission, but, would render you every assistance in his power; So, that you need feel no hesitancy, whatever, as to that, I will undertake to give you full Authority to explore, and examine every nook and corner of the premises, to your Satisfaction; I will, myself, lend you any assistance required, or, if my presence should be in the least objectionable, and, you should see proper to decline my services. I assure you that such a decision would be considered as inspired by prudential reasons, and, I should accept it as inoffensive and unoffending."

"I most gladly accept your generous offer of assistance" said I. "and assure you, that, I can immagine no Conditions as existing, or, that might arise, under which, I might be justified - even for prudential reasons - in denying your right to be present, or, the presence of others, that you may desire: either, one or both of these gentlemen may accompany us, or others, as you wish."

"All Right!" said she, "thank You; We'll all go."

Carefully, I examined every room - floor, walls and Ceiling - peeping behind pictures, removing furniture, that the space occupied might be the more readily seen. Mrs Cox's room was the last examined; upon opening the door she preceded us, and, when nearly across the room, she turned around, and addressing me, said. "You see the room now, just as when Jo, left it,

except, that, that Table" – pointing to a small table against the wall – "was sitting here," – indicating a position near the center of the room – "with a chair on either side of it. I had occupied the one nearest the door. and, he the one near the window, while we prepared the Lemonade; he cut up the Lemons, and put them in the picher, and I put in the Sugar, and did the stirring; When I left the room with the pitcher and extra glass, for the guard at the back door, I left Jo, sitting in that Chair, when I came back he was gone; I can now tell you no more; if you can find the place where he stowed himself away, or, the hole he got out at, you are more than welcome to to do so."

After scrutinizing the room for a time, in answer to my question, she said, "Yes; the window sash was up". "Then," said I, "I have found the hole he got out at." With a broad smile, her eyes fairly sparkling with merriment, she answered, "More than likely."

We then passed into the back yard, as we did so, she suggested that we have some fresh water, and, stepping to the well, proceeded to draw some water, serving it in a nicely cleaned "long-handled gourd;" I had observed a gourd vine near us – rather between where we stood and the window – which was remarkable for its luxuriant growth and prolificacy, it being covered – as it were – with the finest specimens of "long-handled gourds", and, called attention to it. "Yes;" she said, "that's some of Ma's work. She is "old-timey", in her notions and ways, and doesn't think she could keep house without nice drinking gourds: Pa, did not want them planted in the garden, among his Squashes and Cucumbers, so, she planted them there, and, put some brush down for them to run over, and, has tended them, and watered them all summer, as regularly as she has her flowers."

From here we went to the stable, going through the Garden, or "truck-patch"; which occupied the back portion of the lot. I walked about over it, but could detect nothing unusual to such a place, 'twas only an apparently well kept "Spring and Summer Garden", now despoiled, to a considerable extent, of its product, and in "the sear and yellow leaf."

The Stable proved barren of interest, being no more than a few posts set in the ground, the place enclosed, apparently, having at one time been divided up into Stalls, with only a stray plank here and there upon the sides, which, had evidently escaped the notice of the "Kindling Prowler": the loft ditto; while the roof, well, of that, there were hardly enough, of the patches left, to bear the name.

Our work done, Reynard, and I returned to the Hotel, and, after dinner, repaired to my room. For some minutes we smoked our pipes in silence, trying to draw new inspiration from the exhilerating "Killikinnick"; I was really in no frame of mind for holding Converse with any one, being absorbed in the mental rehearsal of the history of the past twenty four hours: a history replete with schemes that had proven valueless; Plans, that were of no avail; Theories that had been dissipated; Hopes, once bright, now blasted; efforts that were wholly ineffectual, and a useless waste of valuable(?) time and energy; however, I Consoled myself with the thought, that, I had, at least, learned another important lesson, ie- "Never to entertain the idea - even for one brief moment - that, through the Smiles, blushes, Contortions, or other expressions of a woman's face, you may be able, to divine her present thoughts, interpret her past, or anticipate her future actions;" further than this, I had learned, and Could see nothing; wrapped in the thickening folds of the mystery, in which the Case was shrouded.

I felt incapable of giving it an intelligent thought. I looked at my Companion; there he sat, as motionless as a Statue; his eyes fixed, in a vacant stare, his Countenance displaying the fully outlined and finished picture of perplexity. "How is it Reynard; what do you think of our Case now?" I asked -

My question had the effect to arouse him to Consciousness, and, after a long draw at the pipe, and, expelling a huge volume of smoke, he looked at me, with a half dozed expression upon his face and Answered. "I don't Know: It occurs to me now, under the pressure of present circumstances, that we are "lost in the fog," without the sound of bell, or, foghorn to direct us Shoreward; We are - as it were - in mid Ocean, without Compass or Rudder, and, - as far as I am Concerned - the fire have about died out in the furnace, I have worked on many Cases, and have been, in a measure, successful, but in this Case, I have found a ball of yarn, that, so far at least, I have been unable to unravel: Until in this Case, I never attempted to find a man, of whom I could not find some trace, here there is absolutely no trace to be found, and the whole affair seems to be enveloped in the deepest mystery. But, those people, whom we met at the house this morning, have since occupied my thoughts, almost to the exclusion of everything else; by the way, did you notice that fellow?"

"Not particularly", I replied.

"No; Of Course you could not observe him as I did; You were busy with the woman, and your attention was necessarily directed to her.

She did not Know him; (?) Could not remember, or, did not Know his name. (?) he was under the necessity of supplying that; So Natural, (?) a really fine interlude,

but, if I mistake not, that fellow has his part to play in the Drama, and, not an unimportant part either; He looks the fool, and has all the airs of the unsophisticated Country "green-horn", but, he is far from either; he has sense enough to act prudently, and sufficient knowledge of the ways of the world, to "know how to seek a shade on a hot day," as I think he is doing in this Case; he is a physical Contortionist of no mean qualifications, and, absolute master of the art of facial expressions; his Cautions, or, Commendations; warnings, or approvals; Closely preceding, or, following her every word, or act; Convinced me, that, he was either the guiding Spirit of the play, acting through her, as his facient; or, a very efficient "prompter to the Star".

"As to her: I hardly know how to give an intelligent expression of my views, concerning her.

She is of Medium Stature, possibly a shade below; fairly good looking; rather pre-possessing in appearance, with prominently distinctive features of personality, that would attract the attention of the most Casual observer, perhaps too, without his knowing just why, or how; Of agreeable Manners; Voluble, though, usually, not unguarded in Conversation; With a voice, that would soften the heart of a pirate; A Smile, that would excite the passions of a Stoic; A blush, that would Crown with ineffable Sweetness, the Country Miss, in the presence of her first beau; Her firmly uttered words, supported by the soft radiations of her truthfull eyes, would make a believer of the D—l; While her frown, would Convict a Saint, of Sin, and drive him to the Confessional, or to Suicide.

I tell you, that in all my experience, and, it has been both varied and extensive, embracing all Classes of Society, and, covering every grade of Crime,

I have never before found one, whose characteristics, were of such depths profound, as to defy sounding by the lead-line of my investigation.

In this Case, I have suffered my first defeat, and, it is a veritable "Waterloo"; the result of the well laid, and admirably will executed plans of this wonderfully mysterious Woman.

I am told that she has no Children, but, I am here to tell you, now - and the sequella, if properly developed, will sustain me - that, this woman is the Mother of the - to us - great mystery, under whose great Shadow, this Case has been so adroitly, decently and effectually buried.

We have done all that we can do now, and, must bide our time and await further developments.

I shall, at once, wire a statement of the facts to the Department, and, in the absence of further instructions, shall take the Midnight train for Richmond."

In our deductions and Conclusions, there was no material difference of opinion, and I now turned my attention to matters of minor importance, which needed overhauling, and, after supper, and a Conference with "Lusk", I bade Allen, and Reynard, good-bye, and boarded the nine O'Clock train for Knoxville.

Chapter. VII.

A few days after my departure from Bristol, Mrs Cox, walked into the office of the Commandant, and handed him a Copy of the "Richmond Enquirer" and pointing to a marked editorial asked him to read it, and, tell her what he thought of it.

the editorial was, in substance, as follows;

"A Proclamation of Amnesty! Forth-coming.

We have it from unquestionably good Authority, that, at the Cabinet Meeting to-day - upon the suggestion of Mr Davis, himself - it was decided, that the President, should, in the near future, issue a proclamation of "Amnesty and Oblivion", to all Confederate Soldiers, who shall - up to a Certain date fixed - have been charged with the Commission of Crimes or offences, of which the Courts - Civil, or Military - have Cognizance.

As we understand it, this Amnesty will be extended to, and embrace all Confederate Soldiers, of every rank and Condition, including those who have been Tried and Convicted, as well as those awaiting trial, without reference to the grade of offence charged.

This will be good news to hundreds of unfortunates now incarcerated in our prisons; Cause joy and gladness to enter many - now sorrowfull - homes. and finally ultimate - as primarily intended - in materially increasing the numbers and efficiency of our Army.

Conceding that many objections - some of them of no inconsiderable force - might be urged against such a Course; in view of existing Conditions, We are forced to look upon the action of the President, and his Cabinet, as wise, humane, and highly Commendable."

After reading it, Captain Allen, told her, that.

being only an editorial, it might, or might not be true, but, in either Case, it Could have no Official bearing upon the Cases of parties involved,

With a "thank you", she withdrew from his presence, only to return a few days later with a second "editorial" from the same paper, Confirmatory of the one heretofore presented, under the Caption,

"Proclamation Issued.

The forthcoming "Proclamation of Amnesty", announced by us, in a recent issue, as having been determined upon by the President, and his Cabinet, has been prepared, and turned over to the "Bureau of Public Printing," and, Copies are now being prepared for General Circulation.

The Clerks in the Adjutant General's Office, are also busy in the preparation of Orders, to be despatched to Officers Commanding Departments, Posts, and Prisons, advising them of the issuance of the proclamation, and directing them to stay the further execution of sentence upon all Confederate Soldiers, under their jurisdiction.

In addition to the provisions of the proclamation, -as heretofore outlined by us- we understand, that, there is a Special Section, or Clause, embracing those Condemned to Capital punishment, and it is with special reference to this Class, that the Orders to Department Commanders are being issued.

Under this provision - against which strong objection is urged - Some of the most desperate men in the Confederacy, will gain their freedom, among them the notorious Jo J. Cox. who recently made his escape at Bristol, Tennessee, and is Still at large, and, with whose apparently miraculous escapes, and the intense interest

manifested in the recent efforts for - and opposition to - Executive Clemency, in his behalf, the inhabitants of the City of Richmond, are quite familiar.

While we do not underestimate the force of the objections urged, we do not doubt that they were fully considered by the President, and his Cabinet, and we fail to see the justness of a proclamation of "General Amnesty and Oblivion", which, would deny, to even the most desperate Confederate Soldier, the full benefits of its provisions. and, must therefore again express our endorsement of the action of the President, and his Cabinet, as "wise, humane, and highly Commendable."

When Captain Allen, had finished reading the editorial, Mrs Cox, asked him if he thought Jo. would be safe in surrendering to the Authorities? Allen, feling averse to the betrayal of the confidence implied by her question, promptly answered, that, he could not advise such a step; but, upon further consideration, agreed to issue, to her, transportation and pass, to Strawberry-Plains, for a Conference with Captain Levi, who was stationed at that point, and, whose advice in the matter was considered - by her - as desirable.

Cox. having become too restless to longer listen to the restraining Counsels of his Wife, decided to make the trip to Strawberry-Plains, in his own proper person. and, Armed with the transportation and pass, which his wife had secured, he boarded the train on the following morning, as it "pulled-out" for Knoxville.

The train guard, was in Charge of Sergeant L. C. Vaughan, who, when he reached Cox. in his examination of passes, recognized and accosted him by name.

Cox, attempted no Concealment of his identity,

but, inviting the Sergeant, to be seated, presented the editorial Clippings, in explanation of his presence, relating the subject matter of his Wife's Conference with Allen, in proof of which, he exhibited the pass and transportation as its result, frankly stating to Vaughan, the object of his visit to Levi.

Vaughan, not altogether satisfied as to his duty in the premises, reported the facts to Genl Buckner, then in Command of the Department, - who was aboard the train, on his return from Richmond - and asked for instructions.

The General, asked him to procure the editorials and other papers, for his examination, which, was readily done, and, having read them the General, suggested, that, Vaughan, return the papers to Cox, and, place him - for the present - under Surveillance.

Vaughan, returned the papers to Cox, and, upon the enquiry of the latter, informed him of the Generals instructions.

Cox's words and expressions of Countenance in his acceptance of information of the Conditions imposed, were such, as that, they were Construed by Vaughan, as Contemptuous, and Calling a guard, he placed Cox, under arrest.

Cox, in a vein of exasperating merriment, assured Vaughan, that, if he gave him proper treatment, he would stay with him, but, if he got too smart about it, he would give him "the shake." This was followed by a rather accrimonious Conversation between the two men, which, Continued for some time, with little or no improvement in the feeling of each for the other, when Vaughan's duties requiring his absence, it was, for the time, suspended -

Vaughan, left the Car, and Cox, tiredly stretched

himself out upon the seat, his feet cocked up in the open window.

The train stopped at Carter's Station, and as it moved off again, the guard, attracted by the incoming passengers, turned his attention to them, when Cox, taking advantage of the situation, dexterously vaulted through the open window, and, was gone.

He lay over one day, and, on the second succeeding day, with his arm carefully bandaged, and carried in a sling, he managed unperceived by the guard, to enter the Car assigned to the wounded, who were, at the time, being sent out from the Richmond Hospitals, on furlough to their homes - "in Car Load Lots."

Cox, reached Strawberry Plains, in safety, and removing the bandage from his arm, and replacing his Coat-Sleeve, as the train again started, he dropped from the steps of the Car, and bounded quickly to the top of the bank.

This movement attracted the attention of Vaughan, who was upon the platform of a rear Car, and recognizing Cox, he ordered him to "halt!" Cox, having already stopped to regain his wasted breath, upon hearing Vaughan's Command, turned 'round, and, placing his thumb against his nose, with his fingers extended, he gave Vaughan, the "wig-wag" Au-Revoir, and slowly resumed his course.

Vaughan, opened fire upon him from his pistol, and shouted to the soldiers, Congregated at the Station, to intercept him.

Seeing they were disposed to Comply with Vaughan's request, Cox, broke into a run, directing his Course toward the River, followed by a score or more of the soldiers,

some of whom, were using their firearms, and, sending leaden messengers uncomfortably close to the fleeing fugitive.

Cox, however, gained the brink of the River-bank, some distance in advance of his pursuers, and descending its slope, - being thereby concealed from their view - he plunged boldly into the river, and keping his body under the water, seized, and held fast, a small chunk of floating driftwood, in such manner as to protect his head from their view.

The Soldiers stood upon the bank for some time, looking, vainly, in all directions to catch "sight of the game".

They discovered his footprints, at the point from which he entered the water, and after a thorough examination of a larger formation of driftwood, contiguous to the shore, the only seemingly possible place for concealment, and not finding him, they came to the generally expressed conclusion, that he was drowned, and withdrew, in a body, from the scene.

Cox, who from the vantage ground of his unsuspected position, had closely observed them, saw their departure, and, anticipating that upon their return to camp, others would be prompted by their curiosity to visit the place of his supposed demise, decided to place himself in a better condition to withstand the coming siege, and moved cautiously toward the outside of the larger drift, and, in doing so, an unforeseen and unexpected danger was developed.

A man on the opposite side of the river had noticed this movement, and, calling to the Soldiers, who were yet within hearing of his voice, they returned to the river, when he

pointed out to them Cox's hiding place, and, they promptly "rescued him from his watery grave."

The soldiers who rescued him were members of the 63rd Tennessee Infantry, and they carried their Captive before Col Fain, of that Regt, then in Command of the Post.

The Center of attraction as they approached Head-Quarters, was the ever jovial Cox, who, upon being ushered into the presence of Colonel Fain, blandly apologized to the Colonel for entering his office in such unique Condition.

In answer to questions, he assured the Colonel, that he was the veritable J. J. Cox, of whose exploits he had heard so much, and, forcibly informed him that there were not men enough in his Regiment to hold him, then assuming a more serious tone, he requested the Colonel to dispatch a Messenger to Captain Levi, notifying him of his (Cox's) presence in Camp, and asking him to Call at once, then smiling he added, that, he desired to see the Captain, before an opportunity, was presented, for escape.

Colonel Fain, sent for Captain Levi, and, upon that Officer's arrival, he found Cox, under a very strong guard, not made so at Cox's suggestion, however, but, for reasons based upon the Colonel's information as to the desperate Character of the man, with whom, he had to deal.

The greeting between Cox, and Levi, was most Cordial, and after a few Commonplace remarks, Levi, requested of the Colonel, a private audience, which occupied only a few moments, when they returned, and the Officer of the Guard, was directed, by the Colonel, to turn the prisoner over to Captain Levi, he having assumed the responsibility of his safekeeping.

Upon reaching Levi's Camp, Cox, was provided with a Change of Clothing, and, Surrounded by his Comrades of the old Battalion "The Tigers" he was made to feel quite at home again.

On the following day, Cox and Levi, returned to Post H.d Qrs, and Cox, was formally delivered to Col Fain, and by him delivered to Captain William McCampbell, Provost Marshal, and four guards, who were elected to convey the prisoner to Knoxville.

Captain McCampbell, - favorably known throughout upper East-Tennessee, in Anti bellum. days, as "General" McCampbell - though of powerfull physical mould, was a man of mild, humane disposition, one whose course through life had been taken, and strictly adhered to, under the inspiration of "the Golden Rule" "Do unto others as you would, that they should do to you". indeed, after a somewhat close and continuous acquaintance of several years, with the "Gen.l", I am persuaded that to be forced, by circumstances, to depart from the rule of his life, could not be otherwise than to cause this good man, many a harrowing regret, but, knowing something of Cox's traits of character, and feeling the heavy weight of his own responsibilities, he procured a sufficient quantity of rope, with which, he bound him securely, before embarking on the journey to Knoxville.

Arriving at Knoxville, the prisoner was brought to my office at Provost Hd Qrs, and, I directed that he be unbound, there was some protest offered, but, upon my repeating the order, Cox, who stood a few paces from, and facing me, with his hands bound behind his back, asked, "Did you order the ropes taken off Captain?"

"I answered "Yes!" and before the guards could reach him, to unbind him, he advanced towards me, and, bringing his hands to the front, extended one of his hands containing the rope, with "Here it is; thanks!"

I receipted for the prisoner, and, discharged the guard,

when one of them, calling me aside, warned me that if I did not keep a sharp look-out, Cox, would give me the slip.

I replied that I would risk that.

Cox, who had overheard the conversation chimed in with, "All right Cap, if you'll risk it, I will." then turning to him I said, "Cox I guess I'll have to take you to Jail, for the present, or until your Case can be looked into, do you reckon I will need a guard?"

"Not unless you need one for yourself," he replied, "I am not going to try to get away from you."

"All right! lets go." said I.

As we stepped out on the pavement, he turned to me and said, "No! Captain; you need have no fear of my leaving you, I will go with you to jail, or, anywhere else you say; I know when I am treated white, and, when I see a man disposed to treat another as a fellow-man, and not as a brute, as you have so far shown, in your treatment of me, before I would go back on him. I would be "turned into Hell, with the Nations that forget God."

We walked on toward the Jail, but, before reaching it, I told him that we had some prisoners of importance confined there, among them Colonel Fry, convicted of Bridge burning, and, twelve other Federal Officers, Convicted of stealing a Locomotive, ("The General") on the "Western and Atlantic, Rail Road, and Condemned as "Spies", and that I would be glad, if he would notice these gentlemen in particular, and, the Guards and prisoners generally, and give me such information as might be deemed important or valuable, This, he readily promised to do, and upon reaching the prison we entered, and, after pointing out to him - in a manner which he understood the parties, I would have him observe, I left him,

and returned to the Office, where some surprise was manifested, that I had, alone, managed to safely land my man in jail, having had to litterally "worm my way" through the dense crowds that thronged "Gay Street", but, they were the more surprised, when I told them that he had given me no more trouble, than would one of them, were they to accompany me to the Jail on a visit, and, asserted my belief, that, had I written out an order for his Commitment, and given it to him, that, without any one to accompany him, he would have delivered it to the Jailor and demanded Admittance.

Chapter, VIII.

Upon General Buckner's return from Richmond, I had called upon him, in the interest of J.W. Wolf, a member of Co "K" 2nd Regiment (Col H.M. Ashby's) Tennessee Cavalry.

Wolf, had deserted his Command with Bill Whitehead of the same Co. Whitehead, had gone to the federals, was Captured at Cumberland Gap, in federal uniform, having joined the Federal Army, was tried, Convicted, Condemned, and, was shot during the time of Saunder's (Federal) raid into East-Tennessee.

Wolf, after deserting, went back to the mountains near his home, in Blount County, and was induced to return to his Company, under the belief that his offence would be Condoned, but, upon his arrival the Lieutenant in Command - the Captain being absent - reported his Case, and upon the report reaching Head Quarters, an Order for his arrest was issued, which had been followed by his trial and Conviction, and, he was now awaiting the day of his execution.

Believing that the man had been wrongfully dealt with, in the interest of justice, as well as through Sympathy for his Wife and Children, I made an appeal to the General, in his behalf.

General Buckner, heard me ~~attentively~~ and patiently, and, upon my Conclusion, asked me to reduce my appeal to writing, that he might be able to give it proper consideration. This I lost no time in doing, and placed the paper in his hands in the evening of the same day.

On the Next day, I was notified, by an Orderly, that my presence was requested at General H^d Qrs. I — immediately obeyed the Summons, and was then informed

by General Buckner, of the intended issuance, by the President, of an "Amnesty Proclamation", and, that he preferred to let Wolf, be liberated under its provisions, but assured me, that in deference to my appeal, should the proclamation fail to reach him in time, he would extend the Clemency asked for.

Poor Wolf! how I longed to tell him the good news, but. I could not do so, however he was set free by the Presidential proclamation of Amnesty; returned to his Command; served through the war, and, was killed by a fall, of sixty or sixty five feet, from the top of a Bridge Pier on the Lebanon, Pike, a few miles east of Nashville, Tennessee.

My visits, to the Jail, were always welcomed by by Wolf, and Cox; by Wolf, because he had known me for many years; had been my Companion in some hazardous ventures, in the earlier months of the war, and knew that he was the object of my earnest solicitude and warmest friendship; By Cox, because, through his intuitive perception, he thought he had discovered, in me, one who would possibly prove of friendly service to him.

The environments, of the two men, were strikingly similar, but, their Morals, antipodal; both had entered the active arena of life, imbued with a spirit of recklessness; both were now, for the same offence - desertion - Consigned by a "Military Court", to the same ignominious fate.

Wolf, in his numerous rencounters with his belligerant associates "the Mountain Roughs" was generally victorious, and, by successes won by his indomitable Courage and energy - under unpropitious circumstances and against heavy odds - had attained an enviable altitude, as the Chief of the "wild and woolly" Class.

Upon entering the Army he was hooted upon as a "dare-devil", or "desperado". and, his name being suggestive, he was nick-named "Wild-Dog," and was known to very few of his Army associates by any other name, but, the many perilous adventures through which he had passed, and especially the one into which he had been led by, and shared with the writer, at Stigall's ferry Kentucky, and in which, as Volunteer sharp-shooters they were besieged, each occupying a position behind a tree, and exposed for several hours to the desultory fire of a Federal Regiment, entrenched on the opposite bank of the Cumberland River, only three or four hundred yards removed, had proven too much for Wolf, as evidenced by marked apparent changes in his Constituent elements; and, now in his present perilous Condition, while seemingly resigned to his fate, his anxiety, not alone for himself, but on account of the helpless Condition of his family; his brooding over the injustice involved in his arrest, and the terrorizing effects of his subsequent trial, Conviction and sentence, had paralized every effort tending to cheerfulness; shut out the last lingering ray of hope; indurated his sensibilities, and consigned him to a state of morosis, at once pitiable in the extreme.

On the other hand, Cox's early manhood had been spent among the "gens de rue", or lower element of the population of the City of New-Orleans, his associates largely composed of "Salvonists", "Gamblers", "City-toughs", "Roustabouts", "wharf-rats", and other innumerable Classes of the worser sort, and, by such association, he had not only obtained a knowledge of their "habitats", "Customs", "sign manuel", and methods of operation, but, such insight into their practical

workings, as to make him proficient as an adept in devising deep laid schemes; a theorist of no uncertain ability; skilled in the strategetical construction of plans, and practical in their execution.

He was also master of the Art of dissimulation, and could appear stoically indifferent to his surroundings. Thus educated, he was wont to accept cheerfully such conditions as fell to his lot. nor gave way to useless repinings, nor suffered himself to enter the slough of despondency.

After a few days incarceration, I had noticed that he was growing restless and anxious; he asked me if I knew anything of the proclamation yet, I answered him by laying my index finger across my mouth.

"I know you can't tell," said he, "but, you might give a fellow some sign."

"The only sign I will give you", said I. "will be a little advice; behave yourself: Keep your mouth shut, and be patient."

"All right," he answered "by that, I am to understand, that all things work together for good to them that love you, and keep your Commandments. All right Cap; I'll be good and wait," and he broke forth into a hearty joyous laughter.

Only a few days later, General Buckner received the official "Amnesty Proclamation", and issued his orders carrying out its provisions.

He had already notified me, and when he did so, requested me to find some excuse for bringing Cox to Head Quarters, as he had a curiosity to see the man, who had gained for himself such notoriety.

Upon receipt of the Orders, the prisoners were all brought to the Provost Marshal's Office, and being formed into line, were each given a

Copy of the order of release, directing him to report to the Commanding Officer of his Company.

Wolf, seemed incapable of fully realizing his good fortune, but Cox, was keenly sensible of his changed Condition, and joyously expressed his thankfulness for, and appreciation of "the words, that spoke him free".

I told Wolf, of the assurance General Buckner, had given me, in his Case, and, suggested that he should go with me to Head Quarters, and thank the General, for his manifest interest in his behalf, to which, he assented, provided, I would speak for him, as he could not trust himself, for the utterance, or expression of his feelings.

Cox, readily accepted my invitation to accompany us, and we, at once, proceeded to Head Quarters.

Upon Arrival, I introduced the two men to Maj' Belton, A.A.G: and informed him of our desire for an interview with the General. An Orderly was sent to notify the General, of our presence and request, who soon returned with the information that he was ready to receive us.

Preceded by the Orderly, we entered the office, and Saluting the General, I presented Cox, and Wolf.

He greeted each, with a hearty hand shake, expressing, in most agreeable manner, his warmest felicitations.

Acquainting the General with Wolf's desire, I proceeded, in such manner as my own feelings prompted, to express his thankfulness to the President, for his Clemency, and to the General, for his promised merciful interference in his behalf.

Wolf, seemingly for the first time, in full realization of his rescue from a cruel fate, was overcome by emotions, and gave vent to his feelings through

a flood of tears.

This affecting outburst, was conceded by silent, respectfull deference, and upon its subsidence, Cox, with ill-concealed emotion but in a most pleasant manner, happly expressed his gratitude to the President, his advisers and Counsellors, for the Executive Clemency extended, and expressed a desire that the General - through the medium of whose Orders, it was made effective - would accept his warmest thanks, and assurances of the fullest measure of gratefull appreciation.

The General, thanked the two men, for himself, and in behalf of the President, for their Cordial expressions and, after a few words of most friendly admonition, uttered as he held a hand of each - firmly pressed together within his own - bade them "Good-bye."

At the request of the General, that I remain for a moment, Cox, and Wolf, withdrew, and turning to me he said, "Captain! I can hardly recall a moment of my life, in which I have witnessed and experienced such reciprocally appreciative tenderness, as has found expression in the interview just Closed, and desire to express to you, my thanks, for your agency in bringing it about, and, will only be too glad to show my appreciation of your efforts, in this behalf, when I can do so, without transcending the limit of my Official prerogative.

Thanking him for the kindness, extended and vouchsafed, I retired to the hall, and being joined by Cox, and Wolf, we went to the "~~Marshall~~ Lamar House", where I entertained them with "a good square Meal," especially prepared - at my request - under the direction and supervision of that marvelous mistress of the "Art Culinaire", my most amiable hostess, Mrs Smith.

After dinner we returned to the office, and I busied myself with perfecting necessary arrangements for sending to their respective Commands, the boys, whose past offences had been consigned to the realm of forgetfulness.

Cox, in bidding me "good-bye", good-humoredly remarked, "Cap; when you come to Bristol, again, don't fail to come to see us; "Matt", will be "a heap gladder" to see you than she was before, and, I'll guarantee that she will give you "a square meal"; though I won't promise that she will give you such an one as she gave Jarnagin - that was upon an extraordinary occasion, you know; I won't promise you any "Lemonade" between acts" either; nor exciting "afterpiece" to the play, as we gave him; but, say! If you will come I will have "Matt" to show you something you'd like to see."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I call it Matt's faith," he replied.

"And why do you call it Matt's faith?" I asked.

"Because," he answered, "it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

"How, will she show me her faith? I asked.

"By her works!" ~~how this can faith be shown~~, he replied, "but, you come up, and when she shows it to you, then you'll understand it, I can't explain it, until you've seen it."

With this he moved off hurriedly, to be in time for the outgoing train.

A few days later, I was called to Bristol, and upon alighting from the train was met by Cox, who insisted that I go over and take supper; he said that in a conversation with Capt Allen, that morning, he had been informed of my coming, and, that "Matt," had prepared supper for me, and, that, if I knew

what was good for me, now and hereafter, I would not disappoint her, by failure to put in an appearance,

I went with him, and, was warmly greeted by his wife, and other members of the household; After an early supper, I called Jo's attention to his promise, by telling him I was now ready to be shown, what he was pleased to term Matts faith.

He burst out in a hearty laugh, and calling his wife, said to her. "Matt, Cap, wants to see your faith, So, you will have to show him your works".

"What do you mean?" she asked "Show him how you out-generalled Jarnagin" he replied.

"All right, Captain! if you will go with me" she said. "I suppose I might show you now how it was done". and following her we went into the back yard, and pointing to the ground Tim, which had on the occasion of my former visit - attracted my attention, and been the subject of some remarks, she said, "behold! where we laid him".

"I do not understand." said I.

"Here is where we hid Jo." she replied.

"Still, I do not understand," said I,

"How Could you hide him there?"

"Well, I will tell you, and show you how." she replied. "When I was down to Richmond, while Jo, was on parole, we knew that he would have to pass here, on his way to his Regiment, how soon, we could not tell, and we laid our plans, as far as we could, for his escape; We arranged for the Supper, in fact all the details were settled, except the provision of a place of Concealment, and the settlement of the best means to be adopted for a successful effort at escape, but,

Jo. had to go, that was settled."

"When I got home, Mother had that little Circular bed of "Gourd-Vines growing nicely, with the brush already piled for them to run over. they were just beginning to run them, and as I looked at them, on the impulse of the moment, I decided upon the plan for hiding Jo.

I knew I dare not tell Pa, and Mother, of my plans, and I did not know what to do, finally, I thought of Dan Slavin, one of Jack's men, that I knew I could trust, and lost no time in looking him up; I saw him during the day, and told him I had use for him; When he came 'round, I showed him what I wanted done; he ridiculed the idea at first, but seeing that I was determined in the matter, consented to help me.

We had to work secretly, and so, after laying back the vines carefully, we removed the brush, and then, at night, after everybody had gone to bed, we dug a hole in the center of the circle of vines, and, Slavin, carried the dirt in a box, and put it in the Stable, keeping it Carefully covered up with litter; when we had the hole deep enough to hide a man, we took the shutter from the Crib door, and laid it over the hole, and Covered it again with the brush; the Vines were kept well watered, and were soon growing luxuriently.

Every day, I raised the shutter, so that the vines would not fasten it down, and prevent one's access; everything worked nicely, and by the time they Came with Jo. the vines Closely Concealed everything.

We had Calculated that a guard would be placed at the back door, and before I started to the Depot to meet them, I hung a quilt on the Clothes line, so that the guard Could not see the vines, but I left a space open, between the quilt and the wall, so that he Could see the window; I knew that if I hung it so that it would obstruct his view of the Window, he might take it down, and spoil my plans.

I had confided my plans to May Salvage, and arranged with her to assist me, as, with a man around, the guard would be more cautious, She had assisted me with the supper, and I felt sure I could depend upon her, through the balance of work assigned her.

When the time for action came, May, was ready at the vines; I went out with the Pitcher, and the glass of Lemonade, for the guard at the rear door, all was ready, and when he left his post to task the glass. I pulled the door to with a snap, as a signal to Jo; he leaped out of the window; May, raised the trap door" – and suiting her action to her words, she deftly lifted the trap, exposing the opening beneath the vines." and Jo. slid into the hole, and was safe.

May came in just as I was returning to the room, and I knew the plot had worked, all right, but, when I opened the door, and saw that Jo, was gone, I turned 'round, and putting on the most distressed look I could command, I asked, "Where's Jo?."

Well! You ought to have seen that Lieutenant; he was white as a sheet, and his eyes bulged out, 'till you could have "knocked them off with a stick, without touching his face"; Excitement? whew! that's no name for it; the Lieutenant ran into the room; the guards, ran all 'round the house; May, was running around wringing her hands like the house was afire; and I was boo-hooing just like Jo, was killed, I expect you could have heard me to the Hospital.

Oh! I tell you, it was a regular pandemonium, You would have to have been here to appreciate it, I can't begin to describe it to you, language

can never portray that scene," and her voice was drowned in a merry peal of laughter, her face flushed with excitement, due to the recital, of how Cox, was lost to justice, but saved to her.

"And you cried". I suggested.

"Why! yes! Of Course! that was part of the program; the "afterpiece" - which we were then performing - would not have been so interesting, if I had failed to come up with my part of the play -

"What then?" I asked.

"Well; after the Lieutenant, and guards, had searched the house, the stable, and the lots, and looked all 'round the place, to see if they could find the traces of Jo - when he had left the lot - and failed, he left the guard here and went down town, and came back with the Post Guard, and they all searched the ground over again, then they all went away; they came back on the next day and searched the place over again, but, still no Jo! Then, I believe, it was the next day that you came and searched, and didn't find anything."

"I found the Gourd-vine," I suggested.

"Yes; you found my "old-timey" mammy's gourd-vine, but you didn't find the hole under it, and if you had, you wouldn't have found Jo, in it, for he had just left it the night before; And, Say! Captain; do you remember when I answered your summons at the door, that I held a white handkerchief up over my eyes, as if shading them from the sun; and, when you told me who you were, did you notice, that, as I went to shake hands with you, that I brought the handkerchief down to my side, with a kind of sweep, holding it, at arms length?"

"I think I do remember noticing something of that kind." said I.

"Well; that," said she demonstrating the action referred to - "was a sign to Jo. that you were officers, in search of him".

"And, where was Jo.? I asked.

"Come here and I'll show you" she laughingly replied. and, standing in the front door, pointing to a large tree standing in a field, a few hundred yards away, she said. "Jo. was in that tree, watching every movement made about the place, and, through my signals, was kept fully informed as to the situation".

"Now Joe!" said I. "I have seen Matt's faith by her works;" the Cloud of mystery that enveloped your escape has been dispelled; Reynard's prophecy has been fulfilled; and, I would like you to give me the history of this trouble, from which you have just been so fortunately, and I might say Providentially delivered, and, incidentally, I would very much like to have, at least a general outline of, your past history, if you do not think I am asking too much".

"Oh! as far as that goes", said he, "it would probably be asking much less than you may think, for, if I told you all, it would make no big book; there is so little of it, and, so much of what there is that would not be worth the telling; but, as you ask me, I will tell you of a part of my past life, particularly of the Cause of the trouble, from which, I have, -as you have expressed it- providentially escaped.

I have, in the past, always refrained from much speaking of my past life, because there is little of which I can proudly boast, and there is much in it, when recalled, to make me sensible of the mental anguish I have caused a pious Christian Mother. And, there are some things connected with my history, that - freed from surroundings, would be stripped of Criminality - were they told, even to my friends would - even if fully explained - have a tendency - to weaken Confidence, where now enjoyed, so prone are we all to believe evil, rather than good report; however, I shall confide in you, and will not withhold from you any part of my history, which you may desire to know, and, which my memory may recall -

Chapter. IX.

I was born in Paducah, Kentucky, and was raised by a widowed Mother, my Father, having died when I was quite small.

My Mother, was possessed of Considerable Money and property, in fact was Considered as Wealthy.

As I see it now- though I did not, then, see it that way- She was very indulgent with me, supplying me liberally with Spending Money, and humoring my whims, until I felt that I got more, than- in fact not as much as, I was entitled to, and became extravagant in my demands.

I would brook no remonstrance from her, or other Coniderate friends, and had, through evil Associations, drifted from bad to worse, until I was moving with the fastest of my set, and, "going all the gaits."

My Mother- I think upon the advice of friends- Cut down my expense fund, I rebelled against this action on her part, and resolved to run away.

I "stowed away" on a River Steamer, bound for New-Orleans, and assuming a name, different from my own, I successfully eluded her search.

Of Course, I Continued my association with the tough element, growing no better fast, the while, until I found myself struggling in the meshes of a very serious trouble. I need not stop to tell you the nature of the trouble, but, it was serious enough.

I had no bank account, and knew that I could not get a Lawyer, of sufficient

ability to get me out of it, with the limited means, which, I could Command; so I sent for the best Attorney in the City, told him, frankly, all about my Case; also revealed to him my identity, and, gave him the address of my mother.

He accepted the position of Counsel for me, and, assured me, that, whether my Mother, should respond favorably, or not, should make no difference, that he would do the best he could for me; however, My Mother, on hearing of my Condition, wrote my Attorney, to spare neither efforts nor money, to secure my acquittal; and by faithfull, earnest work, and, a necessarily liberal use of "the filthy lucri," I was released, but, as my Attorney assured me, I was only "by the skin of the teeth".

By this expenditure in my behalf, My Mother's Money and property were largely reduced, and, she had little more left, than would produce an income sufficient to supply her limited requirements.

Upon her urgent appeals, supplemented by the advise of my Attorney - who had proven himself "a friend in need, and a friend indeed", - I returned home, and remained there for Several months, but, I Could not feel Contented, my desire to visit the old haunts became, at last, overpowering, and, I again returned to New-Orleans.

This was just on the eve of the Presidential election, and, when Lincoln was elected, and, it became the general feeling that war Could not be averted, and the organization of troops was all the Talk, I enrolled upon the first Call, and my Company was mustered for Service in the 1st Louisiana Infantry,

We were among the first troops to arrive at Richmond, and, were immediately sent to the front, where, for some time, between the heavy "drill service" required; the "quick time" marching and Counter-marching, in strategetical manuevrings; the frequent skirmishes, and occasional heavier engagements, our time was pretty well taken up; in fact, we had little time to Consider our wants, much less to discuss, and air, any real or imaginary grievances, and, as a Consequence were fairly well satisfied.

New troops were pouring in every day, all anxious to go to the front, and we were relieved and sent back to Camp near Richmond, to rest and recuperate.

Save the four to six hours daily drill, we were inactively lying around Camp, developing and nursing first Class Case of discontent.

In the mean time "Wheats Tigers" had passed us, stopping a couple of days near by; the two Commands being made up of men, largely, of the same class, and, former Associates, during those two days we held high Carnival, and, when the two Commands were separated, there was much dissatisfaction existing, and, no little expressed, that we were not allowed to go to the front with Wheat.

There was one Company of "the Tigers," every member of which, I knew, and whose Captain, was a splendid fellow, and, one of my warmest friends.

In addition to the general dissatisfaction, in which I held a generous share, I entertained the idea - which I Confess may have been largely imaginary, though, to me, none the less indisputable - that my Officers, especially my Captain, entertained feelings of dislike toward me

and, were purposely subjecting me to treatment of an unnecessarily harsh and irritating character; I, at once, resolved upon a transfer, and, went to my Captain, ~~and~~ made known my wishes, and asked him to make out the necessary papers, to that end; this he declined to do.

I Consulted the field Officers of my Regiment none of whom seemed disposed to offer any objections to my transfer, but all were agreed in their statements that the initiative must be taken by the Captain of, or Officer Commanding, my Company.

I again interviewed the Captain, and, in the most pleasing manner possible, plead with him to give me the transfer; My persistant insistance seemed to greatly annoy and irritate him, and his harsh reply was, "I will do no such d—d thing! and that settles it."

Aroused to an incontrolable frenzy by his stinging words, I replied "By G-d I'll go anyway; transfer, or, no transfer."

"If you do," he replied, "I'll have you arrested and ~~punished~~ punished as a deserter; you may be d—d sure of that."

"I dont give a ~~d—n~~ what you do, I'm going," said I, and turned on my heel and left him.

I went to my tent and packed my Knapsack; turned my ~~G~~un over to the Orderly Sergeant, and Shouldering my Knapsack, went back to the Captain's tent, and addressing him said, "Captain, I'm off, not another day will I serve in this Company, of that I give you notice, now, if you Choose to have me arrested you Can do so, but, I shall not, of my own accord

abide in this Camp longer." and I deliberately took up my line of March for the Camp of "the Tigers".

We remained at the front for some months, and were then ordered back to Richmond. One morning soon after our arrival, Colonel Wheat, came to me and said, "I have an order for your arrest, for desertion from the first Louisiana, I'll go in with you myself, and see what can be done for you". So, in we went. Wheat, made direct appeal to the war Department, in my behalf, but, nothing was effected, further than a promise that the matter should have due consideration, he, however, arranged with the Commandant of the Post, that I might await the result in Camp, instead of being imprisoned, Wheat, becoming responsible for my forthcoming when wanted, and I returned, with Wheat, to Camp, and remained there subject to Call.

Only a short time elapsed, until Wheat, was notified that I was wanted to appear before "the Court Martial" for trial, Wheat, detailed a Sergeant and two men to take charge of me, with instructions to deliver me to the Provost Marshal of the Court, which they did. When I was turned over to him, the Provost Marshal directed the guard to remain in the outer room, and I was taken into the presence of the Court. Upon entering the Court room, I found Captain Bayle, of the 1st Louisiana, present, and being asked, by the President of the Court Martial, if I desired Counsel, or witnesses, I replied that I desired neither, and was ready for Trial, and the trial was at once proceeded with. Captain Bayle, made a plain, straightforward

Statement of the facts of the Case, with the additional Statement, that, saving the one act of insubordination, I had proven myself, and was regarded by him, a Splendid Soldier, and, that it was his repugnance to the thought of loosing so valuable a soldier from his Company, that Caused his refusal of the transfer; he did not think I had a thought of deserting the Service, but, had gone to Wheat's Battalion, where he was informed, and believed, I had continued to render efficient Service.

At the Conclusion of his Statement, I was asked, as to whether I wished to ask the Captain any questions, or to make any Statement.

I answered that I did not, further than to say, that, Capt Boyle, had made a fair and truthfull Statement of the facts in the Case; that, it was not my intention to desert the Service, as was evidenced by my subsequent action; I admitted I had done wrong in Taking "french leave" of the first Louisiana, but, hoped the Court would - in view of all the Circumstances - deal as leniently with me as possible.

At the Conclusion of the Trial, which, did not occupy more than an hour's time, the Provost Marshal, returned me to the Guard, and - thinking, I suppose, that I came from prison - directed the Sergeant, to "take this man back to where he Came from." and I was Taken back to Camp.

Soon after reaching Camp, Wheat, told me, that the Secretary of War, wanted three or four men to go to Washington, to spy out the land, that it was a perilous trip, and would require men of more than Ordinary

Caution and Coolness; that no detail would be made, as the Government, would not require it of any one, but, would accept such service, as the voluntary act of the person undertaking to perform it.

Worn out with the monotony of Camp life, and naturally fond of adventure, I, at once, offered my services, but, as the result of my trial was unknown, it was a matter of some doubt, as to whether I should go, or not; finally it was determined, that, if successfull, the trip would require but a few days, at most, and that, if unsuccessfull, it would make but little difference, as, if caught the punishment that would be meted out to me as a Spy, would be as great as any that could be inflicted under a sentence of the Court martial; and, I would take the Chances, my tender of service being promptly accepted.

On the next morning we met the others at the War Department, and having received our instructions, we proceeded to the front, and on the evening of the next day we passed through our last Confederate Picket post.

We lay up one day, discussing and maturing our plans, and then separating proceeded, independently, to work our way into Washington.

There were four of us, and we all reached the City in Safety, and after a few days Spent in acquainting ourselves with the City and its environments - during which time we were keeping aloof from each other - we had a meeting, at which we divided the City into sections, each man being assigned to work his particular section, to meet again, at a certain time and place, for further Conference.

At this Conference, each man submitted

his plat of his section of the works, and we made maps of the whole, four Copies - one for each - so that should only one return, he could carry the work of all. these maps being made upon white tissue paper for the greater facility of Concealment.

After again discussing our plans for making our exit from the City, we separated for our journey homeward.

I Confess, that, for once in my life - and that too in the most momentous period of it - I had no settled plan of action, however, late in the evening I noticed some Ammunition Wagons moving to the front, and as the darkness of night enveloped them, I fell in with, and dogged the steps of one of them far out to the front, when a "litter Corps" passing, I joined it and with it passed to the front of the line.

I had thus been enabled to gather some information as to the location of the federal outposts, but, as I was not familiar with the Country, I decided to wait until I could be able to discern and locate them, before attempting to pass, and taking advantage of the opportunity afforded - the "litter Corps" being scattered, in every direction, in search of wounded - I gave them the slip, and lay in Concealment, until near day-break, when the stir among the pickets awoke me from the light doze into which I had fallen, and also discovered to me their whereabouts, which, I found to be uncomfortably near. and

Cautiously moving to a safe distance, I crossed the supposed line.

It was now nearing Sun-rise, and I was moving very slowly and Cautiously, Keeping my eye steadily upon the Post I was successfully passing;

I had, however, only Cleverly Cleared the Picket, when I saw a small squad of federal Cavalry, bearing down on me, and as they drew nearer to me, I discovered that they had, with them, two of my associates.

There was now no possible Chance of escape, and realizing my Condition, and the almost Certain death which awaited me, should they find the map in my possession, I hurriedly placed it in my mouth, Chewed it into as small a Compass as possible in the short time intervening, and, as they Came up to me, I swallowed it.

Of Course there was no sign of recognition between the three of us, and as we had been picked up singly and without apparent connection with each other - in fact did not Know each other - we each had his different tale to tell, in accounting for his presence in such Close proximity to the federal picket line: just what the others told, I do not Know, as they had spun their yarns, before the Scout Caught me.

I told them my name was Wright, that I was from Indiana, and had Come out to the front to see my Cousin, whose name was John Jarrold, and belonged to the 23rd Indiana Infantry; - I Knew there was such a man in the Hospital, at Richmond - that I Knew but little about Camp life and regulations, and had wandered outside of the lines, without Knowing it, never once thinking of getting into such Close proximity to the "Rebs".

But, We Could not lie ourselves loose, and were returned to the post of "the Reserves", and were there subjected to a most thorough Search.

They only found an old "Jack-Knife", and a few dollars in "Greenbacks" on me - Money that

had been furnished me for the trip - but, on the other two, they found the duplicate maps.

Their road to prison was now clear, and in spite of all my earnest pleadings, and air of injured innocence, I was forced to accompany them.

Upon reaching prison, we were placed in separate cells, and not permitted to communicate with each other. A speedy investigation was had; the others - being caught "red-handed" - were Court-Martialed Condemned, and hung without grace; but, no evidence to incriminate me, or, to connect me with the offenders, having been found, further than my incidental discovery near the scene of their arrest, I was spared their fate, but, was consigned to "Fort Delaware" prison, to await development.

Promptness seemed to be a virtue among those charged with the execution of orders, and, upon the second day following, I was ushered into the prison pen at "Fort Delaware".

After eight long, weary months Confinement in this much overcrowded, loathsome prison, devouring Rats, and, in turn, being myself devoured by vermin, I found an opportunity for escape.

On the beach there were planks placed, here and there, one end resting upon the shore, the other extending out over the water, and resting upon a trestle, for convenience in dipping up water, to wash out on, so that the water could be dipped up with a bucket.

There were four of us in the plot, we dug out one night, and having reached the beach unobserved, we quietly lowered one of the planks into the water, and, two on each side of it, we noiselessly moved out into the river - or, bay, as most of them called it - until beyond our depth,

them floated out into the bay, or river.

Some how we seemed - to me - to make such poor headway, that I became tired of the slow progress made with the planks. And, besides, of the advice of my Companions to the contrary, I struck out on my own hook, with a swim of eleven miles before me.

I was so thoroughly exhausted when I reached the shore, it seemed to me that I could not have held out longer, and, Crawling upon the beach - for I could not stand alone, much less walk - I fell asleep, and when I awoke, the sun was shining brightly, and the wind was blowing almost a gale.

I had been much refreshed by my sleep, and felt much stronger; I rose to my feet and staggered, rather than walked, to a brake, a short distance away, and sheltering myself from the wind, I removed, wrung out, and spread my Clothing upon the rocks to dry; this done, I leaned against the sun-warmed rocks, and proceeded to make my morning meal of the Water-soaked "hard-tack" taken from the pockets of my Clothes.

As soon as my clothes were sufficiently dry, as not to be uncomfortable, I donned them, and moved out - I need not add, very Cautiously, too - through a Country, with which, I was wholly unacquainted, directing my slowly measured steps southward, and, after about two weeks of Weary wandering, forced to "forage" for the meagre subsistance obtained, I reached the Confederate lines.

After a few days rest, I proceeded to Richmond, only to find, that, during my absence, Wheat, and most of the boys, had been killed; that the battalion had been disbanded; and that the remnant -

—there were only fifty five of the original "Tigers" left— had been ordered to Knoxville, Tennessee, for re-organization.

I went to Knoxville, and found the men, with Captain Miller, in charge, but no organization had been effected. Soon, however, using the "Tigers" as a nucleus, we had recruited over One hundred men.

The first Company was organized with Miller as Captain, I being elected as First Lieutenant, the Company being designated as Co "A".

I was assigned to the Command of Co "B", then in process of formation, and for some reason, of which I did not stop to enquire, I was sent with the men—some eighteen or twenty recruits—to Bristol.

I established Camp a short distance out of town, and the Company was being rapidly filled up, and, within a few days, would have been ready for organization, when my arrest took place, and I was informed that I had been Condemned to be shot.

This was the first intimation I had ever had, as to the result of my trial, and of Course, it came as "a Clap of thunder from a clear sky."

I was not long in recovering from the shock, and, as I reflected that Colonel Wheat was gone, and that I had no one upon whom I could rely, whose influence gave me any assurance that a successful plea for Clemency might be made, I was made painfully sensible of the fact, that, if I ever escaped the infliction of the penalty imposed by the Court Martial, I must do so, mainly, through my own efforts—You know the rest,

Through my own dare-devil[illegible]: Providential interference in my behalf, in Answer to Mother's prayers; "Matti faith," and good works, the intercessions of friends, and the long delayed, merciful Clemency

of "Uncle Jeff" - God bless him - I am free, and, Captain, from the interest you have manifested in my behalf - and, for which, I again gratefully thank you - I am assured that I have your most hearty Congratulations. Shake!" and, as he reached forth and warmly grasped my hand, he Continued, "If I ever find you in a Condition where my assistance Can avail you, believe Me, I am at your service, even unto death."

"And I am indeed thankful", said I, to be found worthy of such warm expressions of your esteem, Confidence and interestedness in my behalf and assure you of their full appreciation.

"Say, Jo:" said I after a pause. What about Miller? There has always been a mystery, about his death, that I have been unable to fathom. What do you know about it?"

"I have already told you more than I have ever told any one else. You ought to know more about Miller's death than I. You were on the ground investigating, and I was - at that time - languishing in prison, I only know what I have heard, and hearsay, you know, is not evidence, but, it is generally Conceded that his own men killed him, in fact, there Can be no doubt about that; who killed him the public will never know, and, while I think I know, I do not Care to say, as some of the boys are still alive; they are my true and tried friends, and you know, that among us "Mum's the word".

"I know", said I "that Miller was killed in his own Camp, and an investigation tended to show that the greater portion of his men saw the killing, but, who did it, no one would say; the whole Camp was placed under arrest, and,

Thirteen of them were held to await development, but no evidence was ever found, upon which, they might be Convicted, it Could only be proven that they - with all the other members of the Company - were in Camp at the time the Killing took place, and, after distributing them to various prisons throughout the Department, and holding them for some [redacted] months, without results, they were discharged, and that was the end of it: most of the men fell to Levi's battery, the rest were scattered and the organization was Completely obliterated.

I Know all this, and, possibly much more, and, I do not now particularly Care to Know, who did the Killing, in fact, I do not think I <u>now</u> Care to Know anything about that, as it does not <u>now</u> in the least Concern me officially, or personally, but, there was always a Mystery as to the Cause of the Killing.

It Could not be shown that any quarrel had taken place, or that any ill feeling existed between Miller, and any one or more of his men, but, on the Contrary, it was shown by every man questioned upon that point, that Miller, and each and every member of the Company sustained toward each other the most Cordial relations, but, <u>there was a Cause</u>, that led to this Killing of Captain Miller, what it was, I don't Know, but, <u>that</u> is what I want to Know."

"Well Captain!" said Jo, "I will trust you with what I've heard, but, mind you, its only hearsay, and "mum's the word" with us on this point. When I was arrested at Bristol, the boys were all wrought up over the matter, and discussing it among themselves, they

Concluded that the old Case had been revived against me, by some one calling the attention of the War Department to the Case, and giving information of my whereabouts; and, they decided that as no one outside of the fifty five members of the Company who had originally belonged to the "Tigers" could know all the facts in regard to the Case, and of my present location, one of them must be the traitor.

The matter was most thoroughly sifted, but, as all denied any knowledge of the matter they began - as you now do in the Case of Miller's death - to look for some Cause, finally it occurred to some one of the party, to whom the investigation had been entrusted, that the act might have been prompted by jealousy, with this in view. Considering the fact that I had brought more recruits into Camp than all the others; that I had stepped aside for Miller; because I had found him in Command when I came, when I would easily have been elected to his place if I would have accepted it; and - as evidenced by the men, now that I was in trouble - I was easily the most popular man in the Company; their suspicions fell upon Miller, as the man who had betrayed me, and, the fact that I had been sent to a point, one hundred and thirty miles distant from the old Company, with a Squad of raw recruits, was taken as part of the program to secure my arrest, without taking the Chances of interference on the part of the boys in my behalf; only tended the more strongly to Corroborate their suspicions.

Finally two of the men were appointed to wait upon Miller, inform him of their suspicions, and demand from him a Statement, either denying or Confirming them.

Miller, at first, became indignant, that he should be suspected, refused to give them any satisfaction about the matter, and, finally asserted that as Captain of that Company, he had the right to decide all questions in regard to his interests, and, the performance of what he might term his duty, without Consulting, or being questioned by them, and, would brook no further reference to this matter, and, if he heard any more of it, he would place the whole d—d lot of them under arrest, and, have them Court-Martialed, and, in that event, he might reveal some other things which might not be pleasing to some of them.

Most of the men knew, at whom this last thrust was made, and, all took his talk as a Confession that he had "fixed" me, and would put "Diamonds" on more of them if necessary, and you know what came of it. He was killed, openly, in Camp, yet, no man dared to know who did it.

Chapter X.

On the 25th day of August 1863, the evacuation of Knoxville - by the Confederates - was begun.

General Buckner, upon taking leave of the City, directed me to take personal Command of the troops left to police the City, and when the outposts had all been withdrawn and had passed through, and I had removed all straggling troops from the City, I should turn it over to the Civil police and retire.

I asked for a leave of absence for a few days, after having performed that duty, which was granted, the Officer being designated, to whom, I should resign my Command.

The Military police was withdrawn on the morning of the 30th and moved South as far as Little River; on the next day I left the Command at Maryville, and went to Montvale Springs.

On the 1st day of September I went back to Knox County, and on the second, I again visited Knoxville, on a matter of private business.

I found only a few - perhaps a half dozen straggling Confederates in the City, and all was hushed, in expectancy of the entry of Federal troops.

In the afternoon I was standing near the Corner of Main and Gay Streets, Talking with Isaac Josephs, and others, when some one rode hurriedly up to me, and reported the Federals then at Engle's Mill, within the limits of the City; I made my way to the Upper ferry

and getting into a Skiff was rowed to the South Side of the river, where I secured and mounted my horse, and had sat for some minutes watching the City, and awaiting developments, when a Squad of Federal Cavalry, dashed into view on the City side, and discovering me, gave me a parting Salute, which proving harmless, I retired, the City rapidly receding from view.

Four days later I rejoined General Buckner, at Charleston, Tennessee, and was with him in his manoeuvrings east of Chattanooga, back to Graysville, thence to McLemore's Cove, thence to Lafayette, Ga, where General Bragg's "Battle Order" was read to the troops of the Corps,

We moved north east again, and soon the firing, on our left front, indicated the point of Contact of the opposing Skirmishers,

This, at first desultory firing, increased in volume as we proceeded, until we reached the Widow Thedford's farm, when we faced to the left, and moved briskly, in the direction of the firing line.

At our approach, the Confederates in our front gave place to our Brigades, and we were soon very warmly engaged - as the Central Corps of Bragg's Army - in the great battle of ("the Stream of Death") Chickamauga.

On the 1st day of October, 1863. I was detached from Buckner's Corps, and ordered to report to General Donaldson - at Abingdon Va - for duty.

General Donaldson, died a short time after my arrival, and was succeeded - as I now remember - by Generals Jones, Pegram, Heath and Ransom, respectively, under all of whom I did service,

General Ransom, was ordered to the succor of General Longstreet, who was laying seige to Knoxville, and when within a days ride of the City, I left him and reached the besieging forces, and passed round to the west side of the City, on the evening of December 6th 1863.

The seige was raised that night and I returned to Bristol, where I established Head Quarters.

Here I again met Cox, who was in poor health, and under Hospital treatment, but, remaining at home, by permission of Dr Murphree, Surgeon in Charge.

General Longstreets Army fell back slowly, remaining west Greenville, for the greater part of the winter, and, not being satisfied with my position, I went down to Richmond, to secure a change of service.

I resigned my position and secured a Commission to raise a Company of "Partizan Rangers".

While in Richmond, I was walking along Main Street, one morning with a Coterie of friends, when I heard some one say, as if addressing me, "Hallow Cap!" and looking around saw Cox's wife.

I answered her in the same familiar manner, and shaking hands with her enquired "Where did you come from, and when did you get here?"

"I came from home, and got here last night." She replied.

Noticing something unusual in her manner, I asked, "What in the world, brought you to Richmond?"

"They've got Jo. here", she replied.

"Where!" I asked.

"In "Castle Thunder," she answered,
"What for, now?" I asked,
"Well, you know there was a store broken open in Bristol?" said she,
"Yes," I replied.
Continuing she said "So, they accused Jo. of being implicated in the job, and sent him down here, and I came too, and, am now on my way to see President Davis, to see if I can't get him out, Come and go with me".
"No!" said I. "I cannot go just yet; where are you stopping?"
"At the American" she answered,
"Well," said I. "You go back to your Hotel, and I will come down in a little while, when I have attended to the business I have in hand. And we will see about what is best to be done; now, don't you get restless, but stay there till I come,"
I hurried through with my matters, and in the course of a couple of hours, met her in ~~the~~ the parlor of the "American Hotel."
I asked her to tell me all about the trouble, and, how Jo. came to be mixed up in it.
"It's my fault that Jo, is into this," she began, you know there is still a lot of Jo's men about Bristol, they have no homes there, nor any place to keep anything, and they have always come to me to keep their little trinkets for them. Jo has frequently warned me against doing so, and, of Course it has proven a great annoyance to me, but, they all appear to think a great deal of me, and are so kind and obliging. always

ready to do any little turn for me, that I had no heart to say them nay!"

"Well; a morning or so after the store was broken into, Bob Cummins came in and handed me a package, saying it was some shirts he had bought, and asked me to lay it away for him.

I took it, and, without examining it, just raised the lid of my trunk, and dropped the bundle into it, and, told him if he called for it when I was away, he could tell Mattie, where to find it, and she would give it to him.

I did not think anything more about the bundle, until evening, when the officers came around to search the place; I bade them search and welcome, just as I did you when you came to search for Jo: just as confident that they would find nothing, as I was that you would not find Jo. because, I Knew that Jo, wasn't in it, for he was at home all that night; but, they found Bob Cummins' roll in my trunk and identified it as part of the goods stolen.

I told them all I knew about it, and how it came there, but, they would not listen to me, but, arrested Jo, anyway; and, when they had the trial the next day, I was put on the stand, and sworn to the statements I have made to you, and, told them that Jo, did not even know that I had the things."

"You swore it?" I suggested.

"Yes; I did, and Cap! if I knew I was going to die the next minute, I'd swear it again, for it is the blessed truth, Jo, had no more to do with it, and knew no more about it,

than you did, and you down here in Richmond; it's just a pack of dirty worms, put up by some of Jo's enemies, to get rid of him because they are afraid of him; they haven't got manhood enough to meet him face to face, and have to resort to such low-down, dirty tricks as this, to vent their Cowardly spleen; why didn't they arrest me? If any body was guilty it was me, not Jo; but, No; they must get Jo, fastened again; but, they will have their trouble for their pains, and their "ague-fits" of fear will come on to them again when Jo, gets out." and she buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed aloud.

"Come! Come!" said I, "it is not like you to make a scene like this, Calm yourself, and tell me of your plans for Jo's release."

After some moments, she answered, "I have a petition to President Davis, praying Jo's release, and, was going up to present it, when I met you."

"Who got it up for you?" I asked.

"I don't know" she replied, Captain Levi gave it to me".

"Who signed it?" I asked.

"Oh, pretty nearly everybody" she replied.

"Where is it? I want to see it." said I

"It's in my room, she replied, "Let's go there, and I'll show it to you; I have a good fire, and it is quite as Comfortable there as here."

I followed her lead to her room, and entering it accepted a proffered seat, when she presented the package, with the remark, "It is already sealed up and addressed."

"Why did you seal it?" I asked.

"I don't know; I didn't do it; It was just as you see it when Captain Levi, gave it to me." she replied. "He said not to allow any-one to get hold of it, or bother with it, but, for me to hand it just like it is, to President Davis."

"Have you read it, or do you know its' Contents?" I asked.

"No: she answered. "I have not read it, and know nothing about it, more than you can see, except what he told me."

"Well: we should know something more about it before presenting it," said I. and proceeded to open the envelop Containing the petition.

With an alert movement she laid her hand upon my arm, and in a tone, full of distress, cried out, "Don't break it open!"

She was too late, I had already thus far accom-plished my purpose, and, without seeming to notice her perturbation - now fully apparent - I proceeded to examine the instrument, which, was drawn up in good form, with a long list of names appended, but - as I had suspected - was a forgery of the deepest dye, and, turning to her I said, "Every whit of this, is forged. I doubt if a single person - except Levi - whose name appears upon this so-called petition knew, or, ever even heard of its existance".

With an expression of Countenance, which strongly betrayed a sense of wounded feelings, incredulity and resentment, she retorted. "No Sir: it is not a forgery; you are very badly mistaken; Captain Levi, would not do such thing, as, give me a forged petition".

"You say, he gave you this," I replied, "I do not know whether he did the work himself, or, left it for others to do. but, one thing is evident, it is an out and out forgery, look at this!"

and pointing out the names as I read them over, "there is Jno. E. Toole, Col and Provost Marshal, and here is my name. You know that is not my signature: You know that neither of us signed this paper, or, authorized the use of our names, as we were both here in Richmond, at the time, and knew nothing about the petition or the trouble from which it resulted."

"Here are the names of some others, who, you know, would not have signed it, had it been presented to them.

These names are all written in the same hand, with little, or no attempt at Concealment of the writers individuality, and I am surprised that Levi, should place such a document in your hands, for such a purpose, knowing - as he must have known - that its very face would be Conclusive proof of its true Character, and Consequent worthlessness; and further, that its presentation might subject you to the penalties due to forgery, or the use, or utterance of a forged instrument: but, I shall relieve you of the dangers of such a possible predicament, by destroying the evidence" and, so saying, I Cast the forged petition into the open grate of burning Coals.

She made a movement as if to reclaim it. I gently restrained her for a moment, when, only the charred embers - being rapidly disintegrated, and Carried upward by the draught - remained in view.

With the exclamation "What did you do that for?" She sank back into her seat, and burst into Convulsive sobs.

"Another Act in the melo-drama," this time, accompanied by a full orchestra" said I.

and, realizing the apparent, but unintentional harshness of my utterance, I quietly reasoned with her against giving way to such exhibitions of feeling, and having to some extent tranquilized and re-assured her, suggested that I would now go and examine the Charge against Jo, look into the general status of the Case, and then decide as to the best method of procedure, advising her that, in the mean time, she make an effort to establish some line of Communication with Jo.

She then told me, that, she had, already, received a note from Jo - that morning.

I told her that when she answered it, to tell him I was there, and would look into the matter at once, but, to say nothing to him of the petition, or it's fate, and laughing I added, "Don't tell him that I am being prepared to act my part, under your tuteroge, through private rehearsals."

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score," she replied, "Jo, too well knows my weakness, to necessitate my giving him information on that point, and, as I know that a knowledge of it's exhibition, in your presence, would only tend to depress his feelings, you may rest assured that your advice is wholly unnecessary -

"Sensible at last," I uttered in a half audible tone, and with an "Au Revoir", I left her for a late dinner at "The Spotswood".

Chapter. xi.

. After dinner I went to the office of the Commandant of the Port. introduced myself, and enquired if they had such a man as Jo J. Cox. in prison, and upon the examination of the Register. I was informed that they had such a man in "Castle Thunder".

I asked to be allowed to look over the papers in his Case, and was furnished them.

The letter Containing information as to the charges against him, and, through which, request was made for his incarceration, received my first attention and. I found it to be - in many respects - a most remarkable document -

It Commenced with a detailed enumeration of the many burglaries, robberies, thefts and other violations of the Civil laws, which had occurred within Several months past. in the plan and expert execution of which, Cox's handiwork was strongly suspected, but. that they had been unable to verify their suspicions, to the extent of finding Sufficient proof to Connect him with the Commission of these offences; but. in the last robery, they were rewarded by finding a portion of the Stolen goods in the possession of his Wife. Which - while they could find no evidence to refute her Story, that they had been left with her by another parties, without Cox's knowledge or Consent - is deemed Conclusive evidence of his guilt; Add to this, the unsavory reputation and desperate Character of the accused, by which, all are deterred from giving Such information against him as they possess, or might obtain; and, that many leading

Citizens are kept in constant terror by his presence; the jails being insufficiently strong to hold him, and the Civil Courts - at this time - incompitant to dispose of his Case. "Therefore; that the ends of justice may be - with the more certainty - attained; that the terrorized portion of our citizens be afforded that measure of protection, which their wealth and prominence demands; and, that the peace and tranquility of our Community in general be assured, We respectfully ask that he be held, until such time as the Civil Courts of the Country shall have been restored to full power and jurisdiction over such Cases".

A supplemental report refers to papers found upon his person after arrest, Consisting of an Order of General Longstreet, relieving him from duty and directing him to report to the hospital for treatment; A Certificate of Doctor Hamilton, Surgeon in Charge, that he is an inmate of the hospital, with special permit attached; and, a general pass, issued from the office of the Provost Marshal of the Department; all of which are pronounced forgeries, and submitted as evidence of the dangerously desperate Character of the Man -

After a Carefull examination of all the papers, indicating the letter of transmission, I remarked, "This is a very remarkable document."

"Remarkable; in what way - in what respect?" I was asked -

"For the display of the writers subtleness, and the fullness of its own measure of untruthfullness." Said I.

"What do you know of the Case, and, if anything, what is the source of your information?" I was asked.

I replied, "I know that this man has enemies about Bristol, and have my reasons for believing that they greatly fear him, and for this reason, have long vainly endeavored - as this letter admits - to find even the slightest evidence that would - by any Construction - Connect him with the outrages enumerated, however, their wish to do so, has at last become the father of their suspicions."

"Of the present Charge I know nothing, except the Statement Contained in this paper, and the Statement of Mrs Cox, which are, in the mean, Corroborative; but, this I do know, that the Statement that these papers are forgeries, is without foundation in truth, and, as a matter of fact, is wholly untrue."

"You seem very positive in your Statement, may I ask what is the source of your information, and how you know this?" he asked -

"Most Certainly", I replied "you are entitled to be informed as to how I know my statements true, and, as under the Circumstances it is my duty to do so, it shall also be my pleasure to enlighten you upon this point; I am Chief of Police, for that Military Department, and, as such, in the line of my duties, have often examined these identical papers, and, flatter myself, that my familiarity with the genuine signatures of the Officers issuing them, precludes the possibility of my being, in the least, mistaken, as to the Character of the papers under Consideration; and, in Confirmation of my views in the matter, I will Call your attention to the one issued from the Provost Marshals Office, Col Jno. E. Toole, whose name appears on that instrument, is in the City, and, I will have him Call and examine it.

I was just on the point of leaving the office, when Colonel Toole, walked in, and addressed me, with "Here you are, at last! I have been tracing you since noon, you are the hardest man to run down I ever saw."

"Well!" I replied, "I am very glad indeed, that you found me at this particular time and place."

I then presented him to General Winder, and, requesting the General, to again give me the papers, which he did, without further Comment I handed them to the Colonel, and asked him to look over them.

As he Concluded his examination of them, I asked, "What do you think of that, Colonel?"

"Remarkable!" he replied, slowly shaking his head negatively.

"For its untruths?" I suggested.

"W-e-l-l! to say the least of it, for its mistakes", he answered.

"What have you to say of the papers?" I asked,

"I think they are all genuine", said he. "I know that the one issued from my Office is genuine, and I am quite sure, in fact I may say I know, that the others are genuine also."

"Then, indeed, this does seem to be a remarkable Case," said General Winder. "One, that, I am free to confess, I do not fully Comprehend."

"Only for the reason, that you are not fully possessed of a knowledge of its surroundings", I suggested.

"I think You, more than likely, Correct as to that; said he, "possibly, if I knew the Circumstances surrounding the Case, as you gentlemen do, there would be little dificulty in my arriving at, about, the same Conclusions."

After some Conversation with the General,

of other matters. The Colonel and I returned to the Hotel, and after supper I went down to "the American", to see "Matt."

She had received another note from Jo, and, was in the best of spirits.

It was already arranged, that she, and a young Lady friend of hers, from Goldsboro. N.C. - who was also a guest at "the American" - would attend the Theatre, and that I should accompany them, to all of which I Cheerfully assented.

The Troupe was an excellent one, the popular tragic play "the Angel of Death," was "on the boards" for the night, and, through the magnificent manner in which it was presented, proved quite interesting, though far too realistic, in some of its spectacular features, to be altogether pleasurable. However, the serious feelings engendered, were somewhat neutralized by the adverse effects of the "After-piece" a kind of farce Comedy entitled "An Artful Dodger" presented with much display of genuine Artistic ability.

On the next morning I procured a permit, and "Matt," and I visited Joe. I laid my plans before him, and told him that whatever I could do, for his relief, should be done.
He expressed himself fully satisfied with my plans; was exceedingly glad that I happened in the City in - for him - such opportune time; thankfully accepted my proffered assistance; and fully Confided his Case to my management, and we left him, as we found him, exceedingly Gay and Cheerfull, a Condition I attributed, to some extent at least, to his desire to keep "Matt," in good Spirits.

I next visited the Commandant, and asked for Cox's release, but, as he had been incarcerated by order of the War Department, the General,

very properly suggested that he was powerless to take any action in the matter.
This I knew, and anticipating no other or more favorable result, had made the demand, with the purpose of saving a point for future use.

Through the friendly offices of Col H.L. Clay, A.A.G. in the War Department - between whom and myself there existed a personal friendship - I obtained an early interview with the Secretary of War, and laid the matter before him, asking that Cox. be discharged.

He admitted the force of my Contention and the justice of my demand, viewed in the light of my presentation of the Case, but said, that, the representations of the Post Commandant, and leading Citizens of Bristol, as to the desperate Character of the prisoner, and the fear of harmfull results, from his presence in the Community; and the earnest protests of the members of Congress, from both Virginia and Tennessee, within the limits of whose districts the town of Bristol-Goodson, was located, also demanded his Consideration and that, for the present at least, he must decline to take any action for his release.

Although the Secretary was most Courteous, in tone and manner, toward me, his decission seemed to me, to say the least of it, inconsistant with the measure of justice to which I felt my friend entitled, and I not only felt a little Chagrined over the result, but was somewhat imbued with a spirit of insubordination.

I knew that the Civil Courts had, not only full power to try the offender, but, also the power to enforce their judgements, and that the statements to the Contrary, were only

a part of - what I believed to be - a deeply laid scheme, to impose upon Cox, a long military imprisonment, the schemers knowing full well that there was no evidence, upon which, the Civil Courts would, or Could Convict.

I failed to see the justice in Military imprisonment upon a mere charge of the Commission of a Civil offence, upon which, the accused had not had a fair and impartial trial, and, now determined upon a different Course of action.

I Called upon the Hon Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky, who then had an office in Richmond, and, Stating the Case to him, asked his opinion Concerning it, and the Chances of securing Cox's release under a Writ of "Habeas Corpus".

He promptly responded, that if the Case was as stated, there would be no dificulty in securing his release, at least he could secure for him - if not a full discharge - a release from Military Confinement, and his return to the Civil Authorities at Bristol.

I then asked him, for what amount of fee he would undertake to do this.

He replied that he would look into the Case and give me an answer on the following day.

He did so, and named the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

I handed him the money, for which he gave me a receipt, in which he set forth the Conditions of the agreement.

I then asked him if there was a necessity for my remaining longer in the City.

He replied, "There is no necessity for your staying, as far as this Case is Concerned, the petition upon which Cox is held, is, of itself, sufficient to show that there is no grounds for Military detention,

or, any other for that matter, and, as to proof as to the genuineness of the papers, I can use General Hinder, as to Col Todd's statement as to the papers issued from his Office, and the Clerks, or Experts of the War Department as to the others, and will not need more.

I am engaged with some matters of importance that will most likely require my attention for two or three days, and when through with that, will sue out the writ of "Habeas Corpus", and have your friend released.

I say have him released, but, should I fail to release him altogether - have him discharged, - or, to secure his return to the Civil Authorities, - though I neither admit, nor Contemplate such a Contingency as possible - I will return to you your money, less the necessary expenses incurred.

If we are successful - and, I regard that as a foregone Conclusion - we will have no Costs to pay; If we are unsuccessful we will have the Cost of Writ, Service, Judgement &c to pay, it will amount to but little - a mere trifle - but, if I give my Service without fee, you can afford the payment of the small amount of Costs incurred."

I told him I would Cheerfully do so, bade him good-bye, and, saw him no more, and, but few men - if any - his equal since.

On the next day I returned to Bristol, and, three or four days later "Matt", returned, and reported that Mr Marshall, had obtained the writ, that it had been served, and a day set for the hearing of the Case.

In the Course of a few days, Jo was brought

back to Bristol, securely ironed with stiff Clevis Cuffs, and in Charge of two detectives.

He reached the Office at a late hour of the night, and was turned over to me by the detectives, to whom I gave a receipt for him, however, before leaving me, they gave me some private information as to his desperate Character, and some wholesome admonitions as to the necessity of taking every proper precaution against his possible escape. And, when I failed to Call a Guard to my assistance, they seemed rather loth to leave me alone in Charge of the prisoner, but, upon my suggestion that my receipt for the prisoner fully exonerated them from all further responsibility, and fully realizing my own responsibilities in the premises, that I felt fully Capable of discharging my duties, they, seemingly very reluctantly withdrew.

As soon as they were gone, I took Joe, to the Blacksmith, to have the irons removed. He refused me his assistance, excusing himself on a plea of indisposition, but, finally consented to give me the Key to his Shop, and information as to where I could find the tools needed, and, having gotten possession of the Shop and tools, I proceeded to cut the irons myself.

I found this to be quite a tedious job, owing to the fact that the tools we found were not adapted to the particular kind of work in hand; I was myself - at that time - unfamiliar with the proper manner of using what I had, and Joe, was powerless to render me any assistance whatever, except by way of suggestions and advice, so that we were fully an hour in freeing him from his fetters.

when they were off, I said, "Do would you like to go and stay with "Matt" till morning?"

"You bet your life!" he replied.

I then told him to go, and, to report by day-break to the Lieutenant of the Guard, and, to tell him that it was my order that he be admitted, to the Guard-House, and placed under such strong guard that he should not escape. "Will you do that?" said I.

"That is what you said for me to do. Your word goes with me, I can't make the Lieutenant do what you said, but, I can tell him, and, I'll be there when you come," he replied.

When I awoke on the next morning, the Sun was shining into my room. Dressing hurriedly, I started for the Guard-House. When yet two blocks away, I met the Lieutenant, who seemed greatly puzzled as he said "Captain; there was a man came to the Guard-House, this morning, and calling me aside, said that you told him to come and tell me to take Charge of him; to put a d-d strong guard over him; and to see that he didn't get away. Do you know anything about him?"

"Yes." I replied.

"Well; who is he; and what does it mean?" he asked.

"It means", said I, that he is the much talked of "desperado" Jo J. Cox: that he was returned, last night, from Richmond; and permitted by me to go home, and directed to report to you this morning, with the instructions he gave you. I do not care for everyone to know of the matter, so say nothing of it, and, I warn you now, that, while his word to me,

is worth the full strength and vigilance of the Guard, if he takes a notion to leave you, he will go, if you don't keep the strictest watch over him".

He replied, that no one, but himself, knew anything about it, as Cox, had called him aside to tell him what I said, and, further, that it was to be understood that he was turned in by me.

I reported the fact of Cox's return to Captain Abel, Commandant of the Post.

It was a genuine surprise to him, as he had not been advised of the efforts made to secure his release, and upon reading the record of the Court proceedings; the judgement of the Court; and the order of the Secretary of War, for Cox's return to the Officers of the Civil Courts, he proceeded to Curse out the "whole outfit," making the air as blue as the fog of a Storm, and almost, if not quite, as offensive, winding up with the declaration that he might just as well release Cox, at once, and be done with it; as since the Government failed to protect it's Citizens from such Characters, he saw no reason why they should be arrested, or detained by him.

A little later in the day - after Consultation with "the Clique" - Cox, was very graciously (?) discharged, and bidden to "go home without day".

Chapter XII.

In a few days, after Cox's return, I asked to be relieved - as, since my resignation, I had only held the position of Chief of Police, until my successor should be elected - and, reported to General Longstreet, at Greenville, Tennessee -

Upon Conference with him, I postponed, for the present, the Organization of my Company, and made a scout, under Orders, into that portion of East-Tennessee, then held by the Federals.

I left our pickets - three miles South of Bull's Gap - on the evening of March 27th 1864. and moved out into the Country, laying up the next day between the lines -

In the evening of the 28th the snow began falling, and, as traces, in the snow, passing through the enemy's line of troops, were not regarded as helpfull, we lay over the second night and day. On the next evening I went down near Dandridge, and located the Federal pickets, a short distance ~~East~~ West of town.

At Nightfall I took up my line of march, and avoiding the pickets, took the road, passing through the Federal Army - Camped on either side of the road, for a distance of about five miles - reaching the French-Broad River at Brabson's ferry, at day-break, having travelled about twenty miles.

At this point I crossed the River, and found the Brabson family - with the exception of Miss Mary - afraid to afford me Concealment, for the reason that a former Slave, named "Charlie", Now in the federal Army, was at home, and had knowledge of my presence on the place and, as Mr Brabson,

had been Compelled to take the Oath of Allegiance, his imprisonment and Confiscation of his property would follow, upon information that he had rendered me any assistance.

Their fears were well grounded, and I Could in no wise fail that they should pursue a different Course.

However, I was supplied with a bountifull repast, and, declining the brave and generous offer of Miss Mary, to find for me a place of shelter, I boldly took to the highway, well knowing the risk attending such a step, but, determined to rely upon my own personal tact in successfully avoiding fortuitous Conditions.

I was not long in finding myself surrounded by Circumstances which required the full exercise of all the powers, and the expansion of all the nerve, of which I was endowed.

I had not gone more than two or three miles on my way, when I found that a "Rebel Scout," had passed down the road, which lay nearly parallel to, and, only a mile or so South of the one I travelled, and the fleeing people, largely Composed of Federal Soldiers, at home "on leave," and otherwise, literally Crowded my pathway.

My depression of feeling was in no wise relieved by my knowledge of the fact, that the "Rebel Scout" reported, was "Osborne's Scout," which was to act in Conjunction with me, and, by arrangement, was to pick me up, at a point, at least a hard day's ride ahead of me, when I should make my return trip with them. but, owing to my necessary delay, and, the fact that their speed had been accelerated by force of Circumstances, I was now being passed by them, without their knowledge, and, myself without means or manner of

Communicating with them, I was being left to my fate, which, under my then present Conditions, seemed to me anything but promising.

Previous experience had taught me the invaluable lesson, that, Coolness under the most trying Circumstances, was an absolutely necessary accomplishment of the successful Scout, and that boldness often wins success, where Cringing, or even the slightest hesitation would prove fatal.

My situation was rendered the more perilous because of an acquaintance with a very Considerable number of the inhabitants of the Country through which I was passing; their Knowledge of my having been "outlawed" by the federal Government; and, the danger of my recognition by some one of them; and my Consequent death, or Capture, which would - & were known - eventually amount to one and the same thing.

If I had been mounted, instead of on foot, I should have experienced no dificulty in riding out of my dilema, as the excitement produced by the passing Scout, seemed to be suggestive, of Self preservation, to the fleeing Multitude, rather than to be looking after the Stranger upon the open highway.

The re-action came, however, as I anticipated it would, and, by noon, I found myself the Center of attraction to, and accompanied by, quite a number, who Continuously plied me with all Kinds of interrogatories. Some of their questions were quite pointed, the answeres to which were fraught with serious Consequences - for even a fool can ask dangerous questions - but, thanks to an intuitive perception of the dangers that environed me, I cast off all reserve? and with a face as honest as that of St Paul, I answered freely and fully every question propounded, without the Slightest hesitation.

and, in a manner apparently satisfactory to my interrogators: and, Congratulated myself that I had added another round to the ladder of my fame; I had solved one of the most dificult problems known to the scout; In fact I felt that I had successfully passed my examination, and now walked "the King's highway" amid the loyal subjects of "the best government the world ever saw," fully entitled to my Diploma as a Monumental and most successful liar. Many of my friends - apparently satisfied with my Answers - dropped out, but, as the population seemed to have a peculiar interest in me, and all seemingly anxious to feast their eyes upon the Curious being, a real live Rebel, there seemed to be a well understood, though unexpressed invitation, "As these retire, let others Come", so that, in the Continuation of my journey, I had no lack of Company, until I had reached the house of Captain James Sharpe, at "Dundee X Roads," where I stopped for rest and refreshments. I was warmly welcomed by the Captain, and his most estimable wife, and after bathing my fevered face in good Cool Spring water, and giving my very sore and badly blistered feet a good bath in warm Salt water, I lay down for "a nap", requesting that I should be left undisturbed until nightfall, unless there arose a necessity for my awakening.

I had slept about three hours, when the Captain, awoke me, and informed me of the presence of Maj Inman, Provost Marshall of the County, together with a federal Lieutenant and four Soldiers, that the Soldiers were out at the gate, but, the Major, and Lieutenant, awaited my Coming in an adjoining room.

He also advised me that he had Carried out my

instructions, by advising Inman, as to my statements to him, regarding my presence within the federal lines -

I followed the Captain's lead into the major's presence, and, was formally presented to that August personage, who - upon its repetition by him - I discovered had misunderstood my name.

This I regarded as most fortunate, as the Major, and I, had once enjoyed something more than a passing acquaintance, into which, no unkind feeling or unpleasantness had intruded, and, I was not at all disposed to expose myself to the danger, which, I well knew, would follow a renewal of our former acquaintance -

There was little time for reasoning, but I instinctively knew that my safety lay in the fact that the Major had misjudged me, or, in other words, he so well knew me from Character and Reputation, that knowing also my Circumstances and surroundings, he had given me Credit for more good Common sense than to place myself in such a haggardous position, and this, together with the fact, that when he knew me, I had worn only a partial beard and Closely Cropped hair, while now I had a full beard, and fully two feet of flowing locks, which Concealed my identity from even the most intimate of my former friends, left no room for even a vague suspicion in his mind, as to my real personality -

I confess to some misgivings, some trepidation and more than usual inclination to reticence in his presence, but with all the honesty(?) of a new Convert from the error of his ways - for I was a deserter from the Rebel Army, on my way to Knoxville, to throw myself upon the mercies of the Commanding General, fully prepared to abjure all allegiance to the Confederacy, and swear fealty

to "the glorious Union" - I promptly and fully answered his every question, in such a convincing way, that, not only were his sympathies aroused in my behalf, but it was also apparent, that within his manly bosome, there had developed a feeling of strongest friendship towards me.
He left me to pursue my way undisturbed by him, and upon parting with me, grasping my hand in the most Cordial Manner, he frankly advised me, that as Captain Sharpe's sympathies were well known to be with the Confederates - it would be better for him, and, for my own safety, as well, if I would not stop there over night but go to one of two men living on the road to Knoxville, the one living three and the other five miles distant, both of whom were well known as "good "Union Men" and, either of whom, would Cheerfully give me shelter, if I would say that he sent me, and, either of them could and would afford me ample protection,
My first impressions were now Confirmed, I had passed the ordeal, and thanks to my full beard, long hair, and unkempt appearance; an assumed change in tone of voice; with that frankness which renders honest (?) Speech acceptable, we had sat in this quiet, Comfortable Country home, and held ~~talk~~, free and Satisfactory Converse with Major Inman, for a full hour, or more, without recognition.

An half hour before sunset, we left Captain Sharpe, and, again upon the highway, we moved quite slowly - on account of our bruised, and lacerated feet (?) -

in the direction of Knoxville, darkness overtaking us before we had reached the first "Hour of Refuge".

We unintentionally (?) passed it, and finding ourselves in the neighborhood of a Cabin, in which - from the sound of music, and the noise of shuffling feet, issuing therefrom, we rightly concluded - a regular "Hoe-Down" was in progress.

We stopped to enquire for the first house, expressing, in unmeasured terms, our regrets, on being informed that we had passed it, and asked information as to the distance to the second house of promised rest, and, also, as to whose place it was, where a light was to be seen to the left.

We were told that it was near two miles to the house we were seeking, and that the house, where the light was seen, belonged to an old Rebel named Jimmie Malcomb.

We had succeeded in obtaining the information, that, above all else, we so much desired, and leaving the hall of revelry, we bent our steps and quietly wended our way, across fields, toward the house of "Uncle Jimmie Malcom", as he was familiarly Called.

When I announced my presence, by a knock upon the door, I was met by the Cautious female members of the household with the information that the old gentleman was absent from home, but, upon announcing my name, and expressing a desire for information as to the best route, by which to reach the Maryville road, neither their womanly protests, nor their feeble physical efforts Could prevent him from forcing his way to me and grasping my hand.

I assured him of the danger of my being detained, he gave me brief directions as to the route I should take; and I bade My old friend, as also My father friend good-bye.

the Clouds overspread the Heavens, and the night was so excessively dark, that our progress was necessarily very slow, but, after a few minutes walk, the Country road, which we travelled, led us to the Maryville, road, and we had just fairly entered that thorough-fare, when, from the opposite side, and less than One hundred Yards distant from us, a blinding flash burst upon our vision, closely followed by the startling report of an Army Musket.

I moved a few paces, and leaned against a tree to listen: only a few seconds elapsed until I heard another report, and still another and another, the Sounds growing more indistinct, as they came from points more remote, but, all, evidently on the road leading back to the Cross Roads.

I instinctively saw it all; Some of those who had seen me during the day, had been impressed with the idea that they had seen me before, and had recalled my features to memory; I had been identified, followed, waylaid, discovered, and reported through Chain pickets.

I knew that a Scout would follow, and that my plans must be wisely laid, and executed with tact and Coolness, if I would escape, which to me, not only an all absorbing question, but, had now become a matter of more than serious import.

Moving rapidly for a few minutes, I stopped and listened again, that I might catch the slightest Sound of approaching danger, and being assured that I was not then closely followed, I withdrew some twenty steps from the road, and

lay prone upon the ground, until the expected scout came, and passed me by.

I then crossed the road, and passing through a skirt of timber, entered an old field grown up in sedge grass. I crossed a neighborhood road, and near it, I stretched myself out on the sedge to await developments.

About midnight the clouds rolled away, the sky became perfectly clear, and the air quite frosty. I could now take bearings from the stars, and gathering myself together moved out.

As day approached I entered a small skirt of woods, to the left of the main road, which, I was now traveling, and ascending to its highest point, near the center. I crawled into the green top of a freshly cut pine tree to spend the day.

I had only just settled myself in a comfortable position, when, by the crowing of a lusty cock, I was made painfully aware of my close proximity to an habitation, and as the day dawned, I discovered that my chosen retreat was a piece of woodland about two hundred yards square, one side resting upon the road, the other three sides bounded by fields, and, in the edge of one of these fields, stood the dwelling house.

At sunrise, a boy entered one of these fields, and was busied cutting corn-stalks throughout the day; a man cut timber on a third side of my position, while another man mauled rails, out of the timber, on the remaining side, between me and the road, these completely surrounding my position, neither of the men being one hundred yards distant from me.

Just before sunset the scout returned, stopped, and asked these men some questions.

as to whether they had heard of me, and, being answered in the negative, detailed to them the occurrences of the day and night preceding. They also stated that they had been as far as Maryville, without tidings of me, and, thought sure that I must have taken the back track and made good my escape.

As the Conversation was held, by the parties, at a good distance apart, I could distinctly hear all that was said, and, when the scout moved on, I felt that my Conditions were very much improved.

The scout having left, the men quitted their work, and, went to the house, Calling to the boy, who, answering, merrily whistled himself home; we sat up and ate our lunch, pulled ourself out of the tree top, and moved off down the road, stopping at Hiram Boyle's to get the news, and then pushing on until we reached M. Canny's ford on Little River.

Removing our underwear, we broke the ice, which had formed for a Considerable distance from shore, and forded the River, afterwards wringing the water from our pants, replacing our underwear, then our outer-garments; and, to restore the Circulation to our benumbed limbs, struck a brisk pace for the top loft of C.M. Gillespy's barn, where we remained in Concealment for the next day.

At night-fall we again took up our line of march, reaching Maryville, about ten O'clock, P.M.; here we placed about One hundred and fifty letters for distribution, and, Continued our journey, about five miles further west, to the home of "Uncle Aleck" Gillespie, remaining in the neighborhood for about a week, and, until we were fully rested.

During our stay here, many incidents occurred of a very interesting nature to us, and, we had some experience, of such nature as were well Calculated to make lasting impressions upon our memory, but, did we feel it proper to speak of them, we are inclined - for the sake of brevity - to omit them here.

We returned to Maryville, taking up quarters at the residence of W.C. Wallace, where we remained four days.

From the upper windows - by wedging open the strips in the blind - we had a fine view of the Provost Marshal's office, just across the street, and not more than Seventy five feet distant, and, were not more than One hundred yards from, and, had also full view of, the College building, in, and around, which, was the Camp and quarters of the Federal garrison, then under Command of Colonel Cline.

Here we watched the daily incoming and outgoing of Squads of Armed "Unionists", noting, by name, on a memorandum we Carried, more than three hundred of our acquaintances, Nearly all of whom, would stop in front of the Provost's office to enquire for the News, and as my friend - "the Provo" - was one of those loquacious fellows, - too well bred to whisper in Company - and withal very obliging in his nature - I was very much entertained by the information imparted, some of which was only the expression of another view of some little incidents, of which I was, myself, well and sufficiently advised.

The Provost Marshal, was F.M. Hood, who was my friend in boyhood and early manhood, and his family - intelligent and interesting - were held by me in high esteem; even in war, I could never regard them as

enemies, and, once intervened to save Hood from imprisonment, and, was the recipient later on of his kindly expressions of personal friendship, under circumstances fraught with far greater peril for the the writer than were the little incidents here recorded, we returned to our country retreat, and having made arrangements for our departure, set out on our return journey to "Dixie".

When we reached the Main Street of Maryville, at "Lesler's Corner", we found it filled, to overflowing, with lounging federal troops, under waiting orders, on account of a reported "Rebel Raid" approaching by way of "Motley Island Ford" on the Little Tennessee River.

As my Companion and I were both riding one horse, I decided that we would prove rather Conspicuous, if not Suspicious, and that one of us must walk the pavement, while the other should ride the Crowded street, and gave him choice. My Comrade chose to walk, quietly making his way through, and over the reclining forms of the drowsy troopers, stretched out upon the pavement, and I rode forward pressing my way through the troop, jostling the horses, arousing and being roundly cursed by the disturbed troopers, returning measure for measure, in kind, as familiarly and vigorously as if I was one of "the boys in blue."

We "run the gauntlet" successfully, and, leaving the street opposite the College, placed our horse in the stable of W. C. Wallace, and walking up through the enclosure, entered, by the back door, the residence of "Aunt Jane" M. Campbell, where, with many of our Lady friends of the Village - Col J. M. Toole, being the only Male Citizen present - we enjoyed a most elegant repast,

After which, we shook our friends "good bye", and moved silently and cautiously on our way. We easily "flanked" the Pickets - which had been located for us by our friends - and, reach "Montvale Springs" before day-break.

Here we spent the day in ~~Close Communication~~ with our friends Hiram Sellers and Will Rhea, and on the following night we crossed the mountain and went to "Chilhowee", where we stopped for two days, with "Uncle Sammy" Charles, awaiting the return from "up the river" of a federal "mossy back" scout.

Here we found John Lee, who had just effected his escape from the Madisonville jail, and from a probable death sentence, and, after the return of the scout, passing over some little incidents connected therewith - Crossing Abrams Creek, in a Horse Trough, we proceeded with Lee, as our guide - up the Tennessee River, into North Carolina.

We remained at Qualla Town, for a few days, and having - as the guests of Colonel Thomas, enjoyed a quiet rest, we went to Walhalla, S.C. where we took the train for Columbia, thence to Weldon, N.C. where we found General Beauregard's Army, Catching and frying Fish, and shipping Car loads of Rock Fish to feed General Lee's troops.

From Weldon, we were forced to return to Goldsboro, and took the train to Danville, thence to Lynchburgh, thence to Abingdon, where we reported to General Breckenridge.

Chapter. XIII.

Upon my return to Bristol, I found Cox. and. He and I went to "Osborne's Scout", then in Cocke Co. The Scout went to Massy Creek - as usual - "raising old Nick" as they went, returning - on May 18th 1864 - they lay over, for two or three hours, at Dandridge.

One hundred "picked men" from the 9th Michigan Regiment, under Command of a Major, each man armed with a "Spencer" Rifle, and Army pistol, and fully supplied with Ammunition, were sent out to Capture Osborne.

Having located Osborne, in Dandridge, the Major, divided his men into three squads, sending one to the North, and one to the East of town, to take positions on the roads leading out of town in those directions, while he, with the third Squad was to drive the Scout from town.

While Always on the alert, but - at times - not as prudent as he should have been, Osborne, unadvised of the movements of the Federals, Sat upon his horse in front of the Hotel, Chatting with, and receiving handsome boquets of flowers, and Compliments - with a slight tendency to flattery - from a bevy of true Southern Dames and Lassies, who stood upon the porch of the hostelry -

He was warned by the men of the danger attending such long delay, in such insecure position - for we had always regarded the town as a veritable trap - and directed that the Scout fall in and move out, and. that he would get the five men of Hicks Scout, whom we

found there, and overtake us.

The Scout numbered eighteen men in line, not including Osborne, and the five men of Hines' Scout, whom he remained behind to bring out.

With Jenkins, in Command, the Scout moved out on the street leading East, and, when still within the limits of the town proper, began singing one of our Special Hymns, all joining in, they sang lustily, the parady on "Maryland; my Maryland".

"Oh! Osborn's Scout, is on thy Shore,
Tennessee; my Tennessee;
Your old gray Mare, you'll see no more,
Tennessee; my Tennessee;
They'll ride her, 'till her back is sore,
And leave her, on some distant shore,
And then Come back, and prowl for more,
Tennessee; my Tennessee."

The first stanza only, had been sung, when "Look!" "Look!" "Look!" cried out half a dozen or more voices, and all eyes were turned toward the North, whence, a squad of Federals, were seen, bearing down upon the Scout at a full gallop, and not more than two hundred yards away.

By this time we had neared the eastern limit of the town. near the old smith shop on the hill; the Street through which we had just passed, being enclosed, on either side, with plank fence, except an alley near the Center of the Block, leading out into the premises on the South side.

The Scout was halted, and quickly formed, none too soon, however, as the Federals had already entered the enclosed Street, only a

block away. On they came, in steady unwavering charge, only a few scattering shots being fired by them, our men remaining firm, the order to withhold their fire being strictly obeyed.

When they approached to within about forty yards of us, the piping voice of Jenkins, sang out "fire"; we delivered an effective volley into the head of the Column and moved promptly to the Charge.

Before they could recover from the confusion into which our deadly volley had thrown them, we were on them, pumping hot lead into their faces at arms length.

The shock of the Charge and Counter Charge, was - for a moment - indescribably terrific, but, only for a moment, did it last; the Federals gave way, thirteen of their number who attempted escape by way of the alley - the Captain being of the number - were caught in the trap and captured, the remainder escaping by the route they came.

This Federal squad consisted of thirty five men; their loss was six killed and thirteen prisoners; Our casualties two men wounded - Jenkins, in the left arm, and Eugene Goodson, of Bristol, (a mere youth taking his first "baptism of fire") shot through the thigh - and, eleven out of eighteen horses killed or disabled.

Jim K.P. Ball, and Jo Pate, were sent east as a picket, while the dead were being taken up, and the disabled horses replaced by those Captured; the two men had proceeded hardly more than one hundred yards from the end of the street, when they were seen to throw up their hands in token of surrender; five

men rushed to the top of the hill, and opened fire on the Federals - who were lying in wait in the Clay pits of the old brick-yard, just over the hill from us - to whom the boys had surrendered.

Our sudden attack diverted their attention from the boys, who escaped and joined us: the seven of us, by fierce fighting at close range, holding at bay, this squad of forty, until the boys were ready for departure.

With the seven Cox, was numbered, and during the fight with the forty, though practically unarmed, having emptied his pistol, he displayed such coolness and intrepidation, that he, at once, won the admiration and confidence of every member of this truly brave and intrepid Scout.

Goodkin, was concealed in the house of a friend and left in Dandridge, Jenkins, Coming out with the Scout in the wake of the defeated Yankees.

At the time of the fight, the squad which was to intercept us on the east, had not reached their position, and, when they did so, after hearing the firing, the fight was over, and seeing their fleeing Comrades, they mistook them for us, supposing that the fight had taken place between us and the Major; that we would be checked by the squad on the North, and could cut our exit by his route, and the Officer in Command had Concealed his men in the Clay pits to await our Coming, unconscious, that, at the time, only the point of the hill intervened between us; had he known this and forced the fighting, he might have effected our sore discomfiture; but fortune had favored us, in that, we were able to

surprise him, rather than he us, by an unlooked for attack, and to take advantage of his temporary confusion, in withdrawing from the fight. however, our withdrawal was soon discovered, and, he followed uncomfortably close upon our heels.

The Major, had also been attracted by the firing, and was moving in from the west, and, joining forces with the party following us, gave us such close range chase, that, upon reaching the Country, we were compelled to disperse and save ourselves by flight, every fellow for himself, his life staked upon the fleetness and endurance of his horse.

It may be remarked, however, that the act of dispersion, always proved our strongest Card, when forced to retire before overwhelming numbers: we, each man, knew every foot of the Country, and our rendezvous being understood, our re-formation was easily effected.

We had so often played the game of dispersing, reforming and giving our pursuers an unexpected and vigorous attack, that, our enemies learned to be wary, and upon our dispersion, they would either cease, at once, the pursuit, or move with greater Caution, giving us ample time to insure our safety.

On this occasion our rendezvous was the mouth of the Nolla Chucky River, where we found Osborne, and the five men of Hines' Scout, awaiting us, they having passed out behind the first squad attacking us.

We left Jenkins, at Dr Rhea's, in Jonesboro, and a few days later succeeded in bringing Goodwin, out -

Cox, had received permission to go to Bristol.

-possibly went with Gookin, I do not remember- and, a few days later, I went in after ammunition.

On my return, Cox, accompanied me as far as Jonesboro, where we took dinner with Jenkins, at Dr Rhea's, and, after dinner as we were standing on the pavement in front of the Doctor's house, engaged in conversation, a squad of Cavalry under command of Captain Bibler of the third Tennessee Regiment approached us and halted,

As I shook hands with the Captain, he quietly asked me if that was our man Cox, I replied affirmatively, and immediately, and immediately the squad covered him with their guns, and he was ordered to "hands up".

Cox, Complied with the order, and laughingly addressing me said, "Take off my belt Cap", and as I did so, he added, "Take it and give it to Matt".

The Captain offering no objection, I retained the belt and Pistol,

I enquired of Captain Bibler, the Cause of Cox's arrest but he knew nothing beyond the order of General Vaughn, to him,

I told the Captain, I would be responsible for Cox, and he, Jenkins, and I, retired within the house for Consultation; being satisfied that the arrest was made upon the old charge, and, upon which I had had him released, it was thought best that I leave the ammunition to be forwarded, and go back with Jo. which I did.

Upon reaching General Vaughn's Head Quarters, at Carter's Station, I found that my surmise

as to Cause of Arrest, was Correct, and then and there offered my most vigorous protest: this proved unavailing as General Vaughan, was powerless in the matter, the order eminating as before from the War Department, and Cox, was sent to Bristol, in Charge of Lieut Sam Gillispy, of the third Regiment, Sam McCampbell and myself accompanying them.

We purposely killed time on the way, that we might get in late, so that it was dark when we reached the City; we went home with Cox, where we had Supper, Cox-during its preparation having gone down town to look at the lay of the land,- now gave us all needed information.

Upon going down we found the Commandant had gone home,- he was then boarding with one of his "prominent Citizens- a mile or so, in the Country; a Courier was dispatched to acquaint him of Cox's arrest and presence, who returned with an order to place Cox, under guard until morning.

When the guard came, I selected the one that Cox, should go away on, and told Jo, I would remove the screw from the Knob; for him to get the guard outside on some pretext, and, upon his return, to hurl him inside, pull the door to, draw the Knob and go.

Such was the arrangement, but, upon examination I found the Knob was [redacted] rivited instead of being fastened with a screw, and so informed Jo, who replied that it was all right; that he would make it anyway.

I Cautioned him against hurting the guard, and, Gillispy, Sam McCampbell and I retired to an upper room, leaving

Cox, in Charge of the Lieutenant and his three guards below.

Upon reaching the upper room, we found Gov Ramsey, General McNairy, and Bob Fox - the old Jailer - all from Knoxville, Tenn and Bob Nichols, of Nashville, Tenn all seated around a table playing a game at Cards -

We Spread our blankets upon the floor, and were soon - all three of us - asleep (?).

About midnight there was a noise as of a scuffle; a bang of the door; the sound of scurrying feet; following each other in quick succession, and only a moment later, the report of a Musket rang out upon the still night air -

I had heard it all, but was watching with bated breath, and enforced Calmness, the movements of the Card party, who had stopped their play during the Confusion, and silently gazed at each other in strange bewilderment.

Almost simultaneously with the report of the gun Ramsey asked, "What does all that mean?"

Fox, bounded to his feet, dashed his Cards, with force upon the Table, and exclaimed, excitedly, "By G—d, Cox, is gone!"

This aroused us from our slumber, and, rubbing my eyes open, I enquired the Cause of the racket: no one seemed to have time to say more than "Cox, is gone". and, the Card party had suddenly gone below.

~~Cox had taken a few steps after he left him, and, on several occasions~~

with a Caution to Keep Cool, we followed, and found more excitement than I remember to have ever before witnessed among so small a number of people; soon the guard-house force was on the ground, having been turned out upon the firing of the shot, and pandemonium reigned.

Cox, had taken sick soon after we left him, and, on several occasions had had to retire from the guard-room, or Office, and upon one of his return trips, finding a favorable opportunity, caught the guard, and hurling back against the railing, pulled the door shut, and lit out.

The guard, quickly recovering from the shock, had followed him to the pavement, which he reached in time to discover, and fire a shot at Cox's flying form, just as he turned the corner of the block.

I said but little, but, of Course, was exceedingly sad over the affair; while Fox, "Could have given them points on that fellow, he knew him of old, but, he had never gotten away from him".

As is always the Case, much useless advice was tendered by the by standers, and many worthless and impracticable suggestions offered, but, as there was no mystery Connected with the escape, there was little room left for the advancement or discussion of probable theories, and the excitement soon abated.

On the next morning, the Commandant was furious; he had learned that it was through my efforts that Cox, had been sent back from Richmond, and was

quite Certain that he would be able to Connect me with his present escape; however, his every effort to do so, only developed the stronger proofs of my entire innocence of Complicity in the affair.

He finally found out, that, when arrested, Cox. had Arms, and none had been turned over with the prisoner, and sent an Officer to know what became of Cox's pistols; I told the Officer to tell him that I had given them to Cox's wife; the Officer was then directed to go to see her about it, and by his request I went with him; he desired me to do the talking, so "giving her the wink", and looking very serious, I said "Matt; they are about to get me into a deal of trouble over my giving you Joe's pistols, where are they?"

With blanched face, a terror depicted Countenance, and a voice strangely impulsed as if by her heart throbs she timidly answered, "I gave them to Jo."

"When?" I asked.

"Last Night", she replied "when I heard that shot, I suspected what it meant, and went out to the gate, and directly, sure enough here Comes Joe, and I gave him the pistols, and he just kept going; what are they going to do about it? How Can they get you into trouble about it?"

Assuming an air of injured innocence I replied, "Oh! I don't know what he thinks he is going to do about it, and, as for that matter, Care less; I have not seen him but understand he is quite furious, and

very much disposed to censure me with the whole affair". then, taking her aside, I warned her that search would be made for the pistols; She replied "Let them search, and when they find them, they will find Joe, at the butt end of them."

Then, leaving, I told the Lieutenant, that she ~~insisted~~ insisted that she had given them to Joe, and that I could not get them.

I knew that this would be construed by the Commandant, to mean, that he was getting me unary over my situation.

The search was ~~next~~ made - as anticipated - without results; then I was sent for, and a very stiff, peremptory demand made, that I produce the Arms, at once,

I asked to be informed, "by what rule of right, or under what law, such demand was made of me?"

He ignored my question by asking "by what rule of right, did you turn the Arms of a prisoner over to his wife?"

"Sooner or later, you will find out" I replied.

He resumed, "the prisoner was turned over to you, and you brought him here, you say you had his pistols, and gave them to his wife, why should you do that? Why did you not turn them over with him as you should have done? It seems to me that you have gotten yourself into a very close place, if I press the matter, and, if I don't get those pistols, I'll D-d sure to do that."

"Don't get excited Captain, it is unprofessional in a Soldier to do so," I replied I am not at all surprised at your willingness to give me trouble over this matter,

but, very much doubt your ability to do so, I would suggest, as a very important step in your proceedings, that you first get yourself in such position, as to be able to prove that those pistols, were at one time, or ever were, in the hands of the Officer making the arrest, or, that they were turned over to me with the prisoner; until you can do this, you had better go slow."

I can prefer Charges against you, and hold you until I can do this, or force you to explain why you did as you have done". he replied -

"With all due deference to your opinion", I answered, "I will frankly say to you, that, I believe your will is good, but, that, you can, and will do neither, and, should you persist in such a course, it will Cost you your "bars"."

Then the Matter rested and I heard no more of it.

Chapter XIV.

Returning to Cocke County - our home - we rejoined the Scout, which lay quiet - recruiting - for some time, only making small detail trips of observation, watching closely the movements and disposition of the Federal troops to the north and west of us.

We had heard some rumors of a movement of the Federals eastward from Strawberry Plains, but being unable to obtain information, concerning it, upon which we could rely, we determined to pay our friends - the enemy - a midnight visit.

We broke Camp about 11 O'Clock P.M. and, by Sun-rise on the following morning were well on our way; our advance having had several rencounters with small squads of the enemy, in which we had Captured eight of the straggling Federals Cavalry.

About the noon hour, our advance came upon John Thornhill, and his Scout, who were partaking dinner at a farm house, and a very lively Skirmish ensued, in which two or three Federals were killed, and Thornhill, and two or three others of his men were Captured.

Here I witnessed one of the most touching incidents of the war.

Osborne, and Thornhill, were fellow students at Strawberry Plains, at the breaking out of war; One entered the Confederate, the other the Federal Army. For months passed they had each Commanded Scouts, in the territory embraced by the boundary lines of East-Tennessee

and each of them was looked upon by friend and foe alike - as brave and aggressive fighters for the cause he had espoused, and much comment had been indulged, as to probable results should these two fiery elements ever clash -

The clash came, with the result stated, Thornhill, and his men made a gallant fight, surprised by the advance of Osborne's men they attempted to retreat to cover of the woods, but the body of Osborne men coming up, the fighting was forced upon Thornhill, and his men becoming scattered one by one they were killed, or surrendered themselves, to their impetuous foe -

During the fight Thornhill and the two or three men who remained with him, had been so closely pressed by the advance, that they were brought to bay, and stood facing their pursuers battling for life, ✠

In the meantime Osborne had forged to the rear and was hotly contending with the remaining federals, who were soon disposed of, when he commenced to close upon Thornhill, who seeing his condition a hopeless one, gave token of his surrender -

He was at once disarmed, and his watch was taken away from him, He was strongly agitated, and was evidently in great fear that, when recognized, he would be executed upon the spot - as both scouts had been led to expect such a fate should they fall

into the hands of the other.

Soon after his Capture, Osborne, approached where we then surrounded the prisoner, his face betraying - if possible - even more agitation than that of Thornhill himself.

Dismounting he walked slowly through the Cordon, stopped in front of Thornhill, and extending his hand, in a voice choked with emotion said "How are you John?"

The two men stood looking into each others face, Thornhill, seeming unable to recognize Osborne, until he was told by one of the Scouts, who it was that grasped his hand with so much Cordiality.

Neither was able to speak for some moments, finally Osborne broke the silence "John, as boys we were Classmates and friends, when the war came, by a difference in our Controlling sense of duty, we drifted apart. You chose to cast your lot with the North, I with the South; you entered the federal, and I the Confederate Army, and were enemies. In our first ~~[illegible]~~ Clash at arms I have been successful and by the fortunes of war you are now my prisoner."

Doubtless you have heard the many reports Concerning myself and Men, that we are a band of thieves, Cut-throats and murderers, that we kill all our prisoners and have neither regard for human life, nor extend mercy to our Captives or others. I want to say to you in all Candor that such reports are without foundation in fact, some have met death at our hands but only such miscreants as were unfit to live, and for them we offer no apology.

but, the regular U.S. Soldier, or brave and manly Scout, has always received the greatest Consideration at our hands, as hundreds of them now in prison will testify, while the hundreds of Union Citizens within the limits of our territory, will accord to us the meed due to gentlemen.

I have said this much, in order to dispel any feeling of doubt or uncertainty which may have arisen in your mind in regard to your personal safety. We are no longer enemies, but, the same school-boy friends, that we were before the war, and I now pledge you my honor as a gentleman, that while you are with us, that you shall receive every Consideration at the hands of myself and these men, which that friendship suggests, Consistant with your Safe Keeping."

The boys at Osborn's suggestion gave up the watch, which Thornhill, for some reason, insisted should be left in Osborn's hands.

In this Skirmish Gus Smith, of the Scout, was mortally wounded, and a detail was necessary to return with him and the prisoners, leaving only fourteen of us to proceed.

The night following was fearfully dark, and Thornhill, taking advantage of an opportunity afforded, due to the darkness of the night, and the particular attentions required of the guard for Smith's Comfort, effected his escape, and brave Gus. Smith, died of his wounds, before we again reached Cocke County.

We proceeded as far as Mossy-Creek, and there learned that Kirk, with his notorious North Carolinians had just passed through, following the Rail Road east, and that he was followed by the Seventh Tennessee federal Regiment, while the Second Ohio, was coming over the dirt road, from a South west direction, intending to form a junction with the Seventh Tennessee, at Mossy Creek.

Osborne, left the scout in Command of Lieutenant Norman, and taking with him Ben Ish, rode down the Rail Road, in the direction of the approaching Seventh Tennessee.

He had not gone far when he sighted the advance, and had just withdrawn from the open highway, when they discovered two men approaching, who passed quite near to where Osborne, and Ish, stood, they were allowed to pass, and from the description he had had of the men, Osborne, recognized One of them as the notorious Colonel Dave Fry.

He and Ish, falling in their rear, Called for their Surrender, and, Fry, seeing that he was Cut off from the Seventh, undertook his escape by flight to Kirk, Osborne and Ish, following in close pursuit, firing upon the fleeing federals, and giving occasional utterance to "the Scouts Yell."

We responded promptly, and cutting off Fry's retreat, forced him to Change his Course: finding himself almost surrounded, and exposed to the fire of his enemies on every side, he left his horse, and gallantly facing Norman, Cox, and "Old Dick" rollifaire, dodging his way from tree to tree through an Orchard, he succeeded in gaining the underbrush beyond, where he

momentarily disappeared from view.

I had ridden around the orchard on one side, and Cooke, and Anthony, on the other, and as we approached each other, I discovered Fry, who was ensconsed in a horseshoe-shaped hollow rock, over which some brush had been thrown, hurriedly reloading his Pistols, and Covering him with my Pistol, I demanded his surrender.

Cooke and Anthony coming up, threw down on him also, when recognizing him and knowing the importance of taking him alive, I warned the boys against firing, and directed Fry, to throw down his arms and Crawl out, which he very promptly did, only asking that we should not Kill him -

In the excitement he had failed to recognize me, until I informed him who I was, and assured him of protection.

We then went to the road, the boys soon Concentrating at that point, and when Osborne Came up, I presented Fry, to him, telling him of the expression of Fry's fears, and the assurances I had given him, which were repeated by Osborne, to Fry's evident Satisfaction.

Osborne, then took personal oversight of the prisoner, and, directing that I take Charge of those having "Spencer Rifles" - four in number my ~~self~~ included - and Cover the rear against the approaching enemy; four men were thrown on the advance; two were given Spicial Charge of the prisoner; the rest accompanying, and being used to such op Communication, as occasion might require, we commence our hazzardous march in retreat

It was a wild night's ride, for hardly had had Osborne, reached the distance from me agreed upon, when the Scouts, from the Second Ohio, appeared upon the scene; we opened upon them, vigorously, with our rifles, and soon checked, and forced them to "line up," slowly retiring at first, then more rapidly, until we had reached the dropped Courier, whom we dispatched to Osborne, again awaiting the advance of the Federals, Checking them, and retiring as before.

This was repeated again and again, until after midnight, when, the Federals becoming more and more Cautious, were left to the rear.

Having escaped the menacing Chivans, our danger now lay ahead of us, from ~~interception~~ by Kirk's men, who, we felt sure, had been notified, and were forcing ahead with the purpose of intercepting us.

We arrived at Greenville, on the following day, and stopped, to permit Fry, to see his family, and Change Clothing, using entirely too much precious time for that purpose.

When night befell us, it was raining, and dark. dare not express its hideous hue; we reached a School house, near Rheatown, where tired-worn out by fatigue I might say, feeling sure that Kirk was in advance of us, and most probably in our immediate front, enveloped in impenitrable darkness, through which, if possible, it was dangerous to proceed, we halted for the remainder of the night.

It proved anything but a night of rest, except to our tired worn out horses, from whose backs the saddles were not removed.

the men being compelled - to insure our safety - to perform constant picket and patrol duty.

About four O'Clock in the morning, a detail of two men, were started to acquaint General Vaughn with our situation, but, they had gone only a short distance, when they were fired upon, and forced to return; A second detail, sent out later, met with similar results, and it began to look as if our condition was indeed Critical, if not hopeless, but, as we had all "been there before," we determined to calmly await the down with its dangers, to face it, as we met it, and not despair before -

At day-break we moved out, Six men being thrown to the front, and having traversed several miles without molestation, two of them hurried forward to General Vaughn,

We met the relief troop at the ford of the Watauga, - where they remained as a picket, and going up to Davault's house we halted, unsaddled - by permission turning our horses loose on the grass-covered lawn, and leaving the prisoner in charge of a guard from the troop, under the supervision of Jenkins, - who had retired from Jonesboro, to that point - we stretched our weary forms upon the greensward, and soon forgot the trying ordeal through which we had just passed -

In the evening, obtaining fresh horses, and accompanied by two men, Osborne, took Fry, and delivered him to General Vaughn, thus Completing, successfully, one of the most important of our many "raids" into the enemy's territory; important, because of the rank and prominence of our prisoner -

Colonel Fry, being at the time Commanding Officer of all the Federal Scouts within the Department; important to us, because with such a man held as a hostage - and he was so held - our Company was assured of immunity from threatened Capital punishment - or execution - at the hands of the federals, for past offences charged.

Nor were these the only benefits to accrue to us from this important Capture; the brave, open, manly resistance which this stalwart man had made against overwhelming odds, surrendering only when the Chambers of his pistols had been emptied, had won the respect of men, whose Courage had been proven in many a Conflict, and: like his own, stood unchallenged and unquestioned. This had won for him the kindest treatment at their hands that Circumstances would permit, which treatment, in turn, won, for every member of "Osborne's Scout", a warm resting place in the great tender heart of this truly great man, herculean in form; brave in Spirit: generous; grateful, and appreciative in act and deed.

For his noble interference in behalf of members of the Scout, and his brave defense of them from maltreatment, after the Close of the war, we assure him - if living - if dead, his family and friends - that he has the grateful thanks of, And is borne in Kindly remembrance by, every member of "Osborne's Scout."

Before leaving Davants with Fry, Osborne, assigned to me the duty of looking after the Safety of Jenkins, and directed the other members of the Company to follow slowly in his wake, so that he might the more easily reach them on the following day.

About midnight the Captain, Commanding the troop, notified me, of the advance of a superior force of the enemy, and advised that I get ready for immediate departure.

I had only time to place Jenkins, in a buggy, with a negro driver, when the troop - upon the approach of the enemy - retired to the hill upon which the residence stood; I directed the negro to take the right at the foot of the hill, and to drive as rapidly as he could with safety.

I remained with the troop until the enemy came up, having arranged with the Captain, that he should make a strong stand at the forks of the road, so that he might draw the full force of the enemy in his wake; I then rode rapidly after the buggy, and from a point some two hundred yards distant witnessed the fighting at the forks of the road, and satisfying myself that none of the "feds" were following us, I rode forward until I overtook the buggy, and slackened its breathless speed.

At sunrise the next morning we arrived at the home of Mr Valentine Beidleman, near the "Holston River Road", seven miles South of Bristol, and although we were utter strangers we were received by the old Gentleman, and his family, Consisting of his wife and two Daughters - Mrs Ed Gray, and Miss Sallie - with unfeigned assurances of warmest welcome.

With this most estimable family - each and every member of which, I shall ever regard with feelings of Affectionate friendship - it was my pleasant privilege, during my Campaigning in East-Tennessee, to spend much of my "Off duty" time,

to mingle with them as one of them, and to call their hospitable mansion my home.

Osborne, with the remainder of the Company and a portion of the Third Tennessee Regiment turned their attention to Kirk, who, being outwitted, and failed in his purpose to recapture Fry, was now attempting his escape to North Carolina. They overtook him at Brayleville, where he was brought to bay, and where ensconced behind a stone fence he repulsed the first attempt to dislodge him. Osborne, having received a mortal wound while gallantly leading the charge, Kirk's forces not awaiting the second assault broke and fled in disorder to the cover of the mountain fastnesses.

Osborne, was carried to Jonesboro, where, at the residence of Doctor Rhea, two days later he died, and his remains were consigned to mother Earth, in the Church-Yard of "the Ancient City".

"Farewell to Thee Osborne, we leave thee to rest.
By the grateful regrets of the good, ever blest;
The hearts of thy soldiers will follow thee yet,
For the love of our Hero, we ne'er can forget."

(Anna E Law. Daughter of The Scout. In Memoriam

Thomas H. Osborne, was a native of East-Tennessee and a graduate of Strawberry Plains College; Entered the Confederate States service from Arkansas, and was a Captain in the Third Arkansas Infantry; was wounded in the arm at Chickamauga, and while still under disabilities from his wound, did Signal Service for General Longstreet, as a Scout, and in that line of duty Collected together a few men - Jenkins; Wash Brooks; Hal Martin; Tom and John Roberts; Jim and John

Ball; Will and Jo McCarty, and others, as the nucleus for the formation of the famous organization known as "Osborn's Scouts," to which later on were added, "Old Dick" and Geo Tallifairo; Will, Ben, and Alph Ish; Geo and Zach Calloway; F. M. Smith; Frank, Jo and Mark Pate; Will Jackson; Fowler; Bishop; Dick; Dr Ray; Gus Smith; Duffield; Cook; Anthony; Hartin; Coyle; Cox; Applegate; Caldwell; Inman; Fitzgerald; Norman; Glass; Goodin; Haley; Hart; Carleton, Bill Lewis; Black Bill Lewis; Tobe and Coot Taylor, and others whose names I do not now recall,

Many of the boys were killed in battle, or died of wounds received during the war; Some have since been killed; many more have died, there being only a small number - known to me - now living.

Chapter. XV.

After the death of Osborne, there were quite a goodly number of tinsel Coated gentlemen, who were quite ready to accept the Command of the Company, hoping, through the merited reputation it had already established, to boost themselves into a prominence, that through their incompetency they had been unable to attain in other fields.

One by one they were tried, but, as one trial was usually enough to satisfy these would-be-leaders of their inability to "go all the gaits" required: and on the other hand were sufficient to satisfy the Company of his want of tact, or lack of Courage, one trip usually sufficed.

Matters had gone on in this way for some time, Several of these "would-bes" having been "weighed in the balance and found wanting", until the men, becoming disgusted, had dropped out of ranks, until there was only "a Corporal's Guard" left.

Seeing that Something must be done at once, or that the organization would be lost. Jenkins and I determined to go to the front, and, taking Cox, with us we moved out for Jonesboro, and found Several members of the Scout there.

We made a trip, with other troops, to "Greasy Cove", and upon our return to the Valley, Set out for Cocke County and the front.

Jenkins, Still Carried his Arm in a "Sling", the fractured bones being only partially knitted together, and the arm practically useless, and for fully two months, when in a fight, he was forced to hold the bridle rein in his teeth, while using his pistol.

Upon reaching Cocke County, we found most of the boys,

and it was unanimously agreed that Jenkins should assume Command of the Scout.

We were soon on our feet again, having recruited to our maximum, with usually from fourteen to eighteen for service.

With one among the first of the "details" sent in with report, Cox, over my warning protest was permitted to go to Bristol; with his fullsome promises to heed my admonitions he felt sure he could keep shy, and come out all right, but, the presence of the other members of the Company put the detectives and guards on the alert, and they soon located, and "run him in" again.

Maj B——, was now Commandant of the Post, and when Cox - already handcuffed - was brought in by the guard, the Major informed him that his destination was Saulsbury, N. C; that he had heard of his exploits and Clevernes, and that it was the intention to transport him in irons, and under heavy guard, but that if he would take off the Cuffs that were on him, he would send him without irons.

Cox, suspecting his motive, turned to Colonel H. M. Ashby, of the Second Tennessee Cavalry, who was present, and asked him to witness what the Major had said; Ashby, assenting had the Major, reiterate his promise, and then turning to Cox, told him to take off the Cuffs.

During the Conversation, Cox, was leaning upon the Counter, in such position that his hands were unseen by the Major, and in Compliance with Ashby's request, and before any one of the half dozen or more persons present realized what was being done, Cox, with a hearty laugh of triumph, surprised them all, by turning to the Major, and remarking "Here's Your Cuff Major"

threw them upon the Counter before him.

The Major, claimed that he was to be how it was done, Cox, supported by Ashby, insisting that he was to take them off, and that nothing had been said about any one doing it done.

The discussion grew somewhat animated, and was finally closed by Cal Ashby, re-stating the Major's promise, and in a very emphatic manner insisting that the agreement should be carried out, however, the Major had transcended his authority in the matter, and the fulfillment of his promise would have been in direct disobedience of his Orders, to "Arrest J. J. Cox: place him in irons, and, under sufficient guard, deliver him to the Commandant of the Post at Salisbury, N.C. to be by him confined in the prison at that Post, until further Orders."

Cox. was therefore re-ironed - this time in Stiff Clevis Cuffs, bolted and braded. and immediately forwarded to his destination -

Cal Ashby, learning of the Major's violation of his promise to Cox, called upon that Officer, and in no uncertain terms - by the application of epithets acceptable only to a Craven - gave him to understand his view of the Major's most Contemptable Act, and although assured by the Colonel that he assumed a personal interest in the matter, and that his intention was that his remarks should be accepted as personal, and as inviting resentment, no resentment was offered by the major and the Matter was dropped -

As soon as I could do so - after hearing of Cox's arrest, I went to Head Quarters, and had an interview with General Vaughn, and asked that he make an effort to have Cox, released.

When the subject was first mentioned to him, he appeared quite unfavorably disposed toward my request, Owing to representations made to him by the former Commandant of the Post, and a Certain "leading Citizen" a Mr Sovereign who was not only a man of means, but an enthusiastic

supporter(!) of the Cause of the Confederacy, and a royal entertainer of its Officers.

General Vaughn, however, to a greater degree than most Officers of his rank, shared the Common lot and fortunes of his troops, and Consequently was the recipient of this Gentleman's hospitality, to only a very limited extent; Still he regarded him highly, more from reputation than personal knowledge of his good qualities, and, while he was always inclined to treat me with much Consideration, was, at this particular time disinclined to accept my rather unfavorable views as to Mr Sovereign, however, he promised me that he would write to the War Department, and obtain such information as he could regarding the matter.

I did not return to the Scout at once, but, in accordance with a formerly expressed wish of the General, I decided, with his approval, to make a personal Scout on the North side of the Holston River, and, when near the enemy's lines, I picked up five Confederates and made a trip to near Beard's-Station. On the trip we Captured a very nice Gentleman, a Citizen, of whom I had some suspicion, and upon searching him, found quite a large number of letters in his possession, directed to parties within the Federal lines, and of which I relieved him of quite a lot, leaving him possessed of such, as I had reason to believe were of a harmless personal nature.

Upon examination of those returned by me, I found several containing information as to shipments of Tobacco, and where deposited; Among these, one from a Major in the Confederate Army, and others from prominent business men and Citizens. All these parties were buying Tobacco, and shipping to points, alternately, within our own and the federal lines, and their agents, or federal accomplices, would secure and dispose of it for mutual profit, in open violation of a strict order of interdiction.

There were also other letters from "leading Citizens", written to personal friends within the federal lines, containing information "Contraband" in its nature, and seriously affecting the character of the writers, as regarded their professed loyalty to the Confederacy.

One of the Tobacco depositories spoken of being near, we took charge of the Tobacco, and impressing a Cart into service, hauled it back within our lines, where we deposited four out of the five boxes, subject to our order, dividing the fifth box among "the boys".

I then returned to make my report. I gave the business letters to the General, and he examined them first. He had already received intimation - as well as I - that such traffic was being carried on, but was greatly surprised at the parties self-implicated.

I next doled out to him, one by one, the letters of treasonable Caste, until he became impatient, enraged and most thoroughly disgusted. He declared that with such an array of evidence as that exhibited against persons who had enjoyed his implicit Confidence, was enough to make one feel that there was no one who could be trusted.

"There is one left General". I suggested.

"Who!" he asked.

"Mr Sovereign", I replied, my manner suggesting my meaning.

He impatiently, and somewhat petulantly replied.

"Oh! Heartill; will you never let up on Sovereign?"

"because you think him a bad man, you would have

"every one else share your opinion; I think you do

"him injustice, not wilfully so, but you have, in

"some way, imbibed such strong prejudice against

"the man, that you seem almost incapable of

"doing him justice, did you try."

"General", I replied, "I will not say, as did one of old,

"Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone", but,

will give to you a hammer, that comes from the inner

folds of his own garments, with which you may break

your Idol." and handed him the letter of Mr Sovereign

to his friend. "What is it?" he asked.

"Read it", said I. "it tells its own story."

As he read the letter, I closely scanned his changing features, and really felt a sense of remorse, at having brought to this brave Soldier and Christian gentleman, such anguish of feeling as his face betrayed.

Having finished reading the letter, he dropped his hand, which still grasped it, upon the table, inclined his head, resting his brow in the open palm of his other hand, and remained thus for some minutes in painfull silence; then straightening himself up and turning upon me his earnest gaze, he exclaimed, "My God! Heartsill, Can this be possible?"

I replied, "there is no question in mind about the matter, nor, indeed, to me, is there any room for surprise" "I understand." he replied "I know that you have always held him under suspicion, but, I had only regarded your suspicions as due to prejudice, and did not once dream of their confirmation by such a fearfull development of Self Confessed treachery, and it is upon the statements of such men as this, that your man Cox, is held; Well! I shall at once write to the Secretary of War, demanding his release, and shall enclose this letter, or a Copy of it, that he may know the true Character of the men, by whom Cox, is being persecuted".

I remained over, at Bristol, to rest, until the Scout, then over due, Came in; In the mean time General Vaughn, informed me that he had made the demand for Cox's release, which had been strongly endorsed by General Breckenridge Commanding the Department, and that it had been duly forwarded -

Chapter XVI.

After the arrival of the scout, and a few days rest - horse-chasing and filling our saddle pockets with Ammunition - we returned to Cocke County, and scattered for recuperation.

With two or three others, I went to the house of the O'dells, a family of two bachelor brothers, and two maiden sisters, a typical East-Tennessee Country home, abounding with all the hospitality that the name implies, and when I was informed that there were two men in the neighborhood, One a Confederate, and the other wearing a Yankee Sergeants Uniform, who were enquiring after me, but their names could not be remembered -

While we were yet talking of them, they came to the porch, and made known their presence, and were invited, by Mr O'dell to come in. As they stepped to the door, I at once recognized the Confederate, but, as the index finger of his right hand lay across his mouth, I remained silent.

He enquired if I was there, I responded, and was informed that he wished to see me privately.

We retired some distance from the house, and when we were alone I asked "What is your name?" "John Stone." he replied.

We then greeted each other Cordially, and as our Conversation Chiefly Consisted of hurried explanations on his part, and ejaculatory assents to his suggestions, on my part, we soon thoroughly understood each other.

Stone would remain with the Company, but, for reasons that were satisfactory, he desired, and I assented, that the Yankee Sergeant should be paroled and placed safely within the Federal lines.

Calling the Sergeant to us, he was introduced to me by Stone, and was informed that he would be treated kindly while with us, and that, as agreed upon, he would be placed in friendly hands, within the lines of the Federal troops, at the earliest convenient and practicable moment.

We returned to the house, where I introduced them to "the boys" and family, and after dinner leaving the Yankee with the boys, Stone and I rode over to a neighboring farm house to see Jennie.

The boys who knew Stone, were given the Cue, and as a private scout must go out on the following night, Stone and Glass, were selected to make it, and a "parole" having been made out and given to the Yankee, he accompanied them on the trip.

Stone, and Glass, returned late in the evening of the next day, reporting the Yankee Sergeant safe in "Uncle Abe's dominion", and their successful location of a Squad of Federals.

Prompt action being deemed essential, we moved at midnight, entering upon the first of a series of Scouts, extending through several weeks, each proving extraordinarily successful, Surprising and Capturing a federal outpost here and there, or demolishing a Company of Scouting Federals, upon almost every trip, winding up with our meeting a Company of "Ninety days men" under

the Command of Captain Crawford, who were on their way "to hang a d--d old Rebel," one of which intention we had been advised.

We repulsed their advance, and, following it up closely, we dashed "bluff up against" the head of their Company. They showed no inclination to surrender, and there occurred, then and there, one of the most sanguinary Scout fights, for only a few minutes duration, of which I have either Knowledge or information.

The Yankees were forced to give way, but, still refusing to surrender, undertook, by flight, to escape from those whom their Courage and Arms Could not repel.

In this only four of their number succeeded, while twenty one out of the twenty five federals, and their "Citizen" pilot, lay dead in a four hundred yards length of lane; our loss (?) a few slight wounds for the men, and some wounds and bruises for the horses.

This so much enraged the Federals, that our extermination was determined upon, and Kirk's North Carolina Regiment, Composed of East-Tennessee, and North-Carolina mountaineers, was the instrument selected for that purpose.

Fortunately, for us, Lewis' Scout, then Commanded by "Bill" Henry, gave us notice of the approach of Kirk, to our rear, and we watched him, with Complacency, from the hills beyond the river, as he pitched his Camp near Sweet-Water.

We drove them back from their Camp fires by night, and so Constantly harrassed them throughout the day, killing many of them from our vantage ground, that they were forced to retire from the tiritory.

In a few days Kirk, returned, accompanied by the Seventh Tennessee, and together they resumed their quest for us.

We had been re-inforced, by Henry, and twelve of his men, most of whom had served with us in former days, and all well acquainted with every "nook and Corner" of the Country, and we also had a few accessions to our ranks, from the scattering members of other Commands "at home on furlough".

We let the Yankees find us (?) occasionally, and when they did, as the boys were wont to say, "we give them red-hot h-l in potches", repulsing, and killing numbers of their advance guards, then whipping around the hills, and falling upon their rear guards with the same disastrous results, eluding their every effort to entrap us, until despairing of their being able to run us in, or kill us out, and tired of the punishment we inflicted, they left it with us.

We had been at rest for some little time - several days - in fancied security, never dreaming that if two Regiments could not Catch us, they would think it worth their while to send more, when news reached us of advancing federals from the direction of Knoxville.

Mounting our horses, we were soon on the move in quest of them, [redacted], a detachment going on the north side of the French Broad River, Norman, in Charge of the advance.

They soon found a stubborn Picket, which they charged and routed, only to find, a few yards behind the picket, the Second Ohio Artillery (now Mounted Infantry) in full line of battle.

The rest of the boys were enabled to retire

safely, but Norman's horse becoming unmanageable, he spurred him forward in an attempt to break through their lines and thus effect his escape.

He had reached the federal line, which gave way before him, but, as he did so, his horse fell from the effects of the concentrated fire of the Regiment, pierced by four bullets, while Norman himself had received two wounds, one of them a mortal one; Norman, was thrown to the ground with such force as to knock out all his front teeth, but quickly recovering drew his remaining pistol, and was in the act of shooting the Colonel, when a soldier knocked him senseless by a blow with a gun.

The Colonel, interfered and saved him from being killed outright, had him tenderly conveyed to Mr Clark's house, near by, where under the kindly care and attention of friends, he withstood death only a few hours and succumbed.

His last message to his mother, delivered to W.F. McCarty, of the scout, on the night before his death, was "Tell my Mother, that I died like a Man." and, so he did.

(Thanks! Colonel: for your generously brave and manly Act, You have your reward, in the Consciousness that none other, ever did a kindly act for a braver man than J. Norman, who fell, wounded and bruised, at the feet of the men of your Regiment.)

We were now in the French Broad and Pigeon River bottoms, and our advantages were not so great as among the Mountains, Knobs and hills,

Yet we were able to greatly impede the progress of this new and greatly superior force of the enemy, - Consisting of the Second Ohio, and Tenth Michigan Regiments, however, we were forced to give way before them, having lost Six, of our bravest, best and most daring men.

Driven to the mountains, we found all the passes occupied by the forces of Kirk, and the Seventh Tennessee, who had again returned.

We were in a dilemma, but were not so discouraged as not to feel equal to the occasion; Scattering for meal and horse feed, we again rendezvoused, and, Knowing that our every action was now reported, we guietly Camped for the night.

We had outridden the troops who followed us, and our friends Kirk, and the Seventh Tennessee weary from their march through the mountains, and inferring, from our going into Camp so near them, that we were unaware of their Close proximity, did not attempt to molest us for the night, busying themselves only with Strengthening the gaps, feeling as if they now had us, as "in a bag, with the string tied."

At Sunrise on the next morning the enemy were on the move, and deploying, their wings joining and forming a Circle around our Camp, they moved forward and inward until a Solid Wall of Men stood around us (!) We were in their Net; and Special Companies were detailed to drive us out, or, to "Flush the game," but, they found to their very great disappointment that we had already flown.

Taking advantage of their inactivity, into which, by our actions, as was our purpose, - we had evidently

buried them, we quietly moved out of Camp at midnight, breasted one of those mountain barriers, and bravely began the Climb for life and liberty;

Climbing, pulling and pushing, we Carried our horses with us, and, when the Federals took Charge of our Camp, on the next morning, we were safe in their rear, plodding our weary way towards "the old North State". (N.C). "posting our fun" at each other, over the ~~the~~ then dangerous, now to us ludicrous positions which we had severally occupied, during our "Night on the Mountain, without a trail."

We left Henry, and his men, in North Carolina, and moving out by way of Elizabethton, joined General Vaughn, at Carter's Station.

As we sat in his Head Quarters, talking over our late adventures and experiences, the General suddenly exclaimed, "By the way, Hartsell; I obtained an Order for the release of your man Cox: sent to Salisbury, and have since written them two or three times, and on yesterday I received a letter from the General, Commanding that Post, in which he informs me, that Cox had escaped nearly three months ago; have you heard nothing of him?"

"Yes;" I replied, "he is with the Company."

"'Tis Strange!" said he, "You have been with me on several occasions since then, and I thought I knew every man in the Company, how is it that I do not know him; and why have you said nothing of his being with you?"

"In the first place", said I, "I wanted to know, that every thing was all right, before I told You; You do know him, however, for You have twice Commended him for his bravery in my presence.

Do you remember John Stone?"

"Yes, Why shouldn't I after "Sick Crust"? said he -

"He is none other than J. J. Cox." said I.

"Well!" said he, "I am now glad that you did not tell me, until I had myself learned to appreciate the man for the exhibition of his Cool Courage in battle; and John Stone, is J. J. Cox! I do not longer wonder that you have been so earnest in his behalf, for, like myself, I know that you are too apt to condemn their other faults, and, to boost upon all brave men, as good men; but, good or bad, mark my word! If they git him again, they will have to whip my Command to do it."

The letter of the Commanding Officer - which was handed me to read - also stated the manner in which the escape was effected, and practically substantiated Cox's statement to me, but, was rather more elaborate.

In substance it was as follows; "We had been warned of the desperate Character of the man, and were taking no Chances, when a serious Mutiny occurred in ~~in~~ the prison, which seems to have been in process of development for some time, but, a favorable opportunity for action had not hitherto presented itself.

One of our Regiments was ordered away, and had gone to the Depot to take its departure, on the incoming train, - upon which were the troops that were to take its place - leaving only a light guard in Charge of the prison.

The Coming of the train was delayed for

Several hours, and the mutinous men had decided that the opportune time had Come, and hastily made their arrangements for the execution of their plot; A "Traitor" informed the Officer of the guard of their plans, and a Courier was despatched to the Depot for the return of the troops, who had only just arrived when the break was made.

The troops rapidly took their positions on the parapets, and, by order of the Major Commanding, opened fire on every one in sight, soon Compelling the prisoners to seek shelter within the prison walls.

The firing was Continued upon everyone showing himself, until five or six were Killed, and about thirty wounded, Some of them being wounded inside the prison.

Cox. Seeing the Major, upon the parapet, quietly folded his Arms across his breast, And stepping out of the prison door, Coolly and deliberately advanced toward the Major, who quickly realizing Cox's perilous position, ordered "Cease firing." though Several Shots had already been fired at the intrepid man, fortunately without effect.

Cox, as he approached, saluted the Major, and suggested that the Mutiny was quelled, and, that, by the Continuous fire upon them inside the prison, he was Killing and wounding as many Confederates as he was Yankees.

The Major, Complimented Cox, upon the spot, for his bravery, and he at once became

the Hero of the day, and, owing to the high regard entertained, by the Officers, for his Courageous (foolhardy) action, his latitude was extended, and the next thing to occur of a startling nature, was the knowledge of the fact that Cox, was gone, and that a Yankee Sergeant - a prison "trusty" - had gone with him."

"What became of that Yankee Sergeant?" asked the General.

"We "paroled" him and sent him within the federal lines", I replied, explaining to him why we did so.

"You did exactly right and I heartily approve your action", he replied, "and now lets get down to business, we are going to have hot times here now, and I want you boys to stay with me for awhile, I shall need you; tell the boys what I say, but warn them to keep quiet about the matter.

The indications all point to a strong movement of the enemy in this direction, in fact a general forward movement of the enemy, with heavy concentrations of troops, is in early anticipation, and, as there are, at present, no reinforcements available for us, we may very reasonably expect serious trouble in the near future; the Enemy are reported as already on the move, I shall know more Certainly of this to night, but, enough now, tell the boys I need you.

Chapter XVII.

We remained with the Command until the overwhelming force of federals drove Vaughn from East-Tennessee, or rather until he was ordered to retire and join General Joseph E. Johnston, in North Carolina.

As the Command passed out of East-Tennessee into Virginia, en-route to North Carolina, General Vaughn, left details of men to watch the movements of the Federals; Among them John Tate Hare, and myself were assigned to the duty of hovering after the Paperville, and South Holston Roads.

We were finally forced to take position on the point of the ridge west of Paperville, and maintain it, our horses being concealed in the mine Circle on the top of the ridge, for two days, the roads on either side of us, being, all the while, literally crowded with the advancing Federals.

Lt Gillespy, of the third Tennessee, and Jo Pate, of the Scout had been sent to the road north of Bristol, and after the passage of the Yankees, we found them, - with Capt Abbott, of Ky, them suffering with a wounded Arm - at the farm house of King Hiskell. Some Nine Miles North East of Bristol.

It was late, and the night was quite dark when we reached Hiskell's place; the boys were laying up in the house, in fancied Security, their horses in the barn, quite a little distance from the house.

Our experience of the past few days had led Hare, and myself to be a little cautious, and not liking such arrangements, we led our horses over "the hewed logs style", and tied them in the yard, making down our bed of blankets on the porch.

We had hired one of the Negroes to "Clean and rub down" our horses, had ourselves lain down to rest, and Hare, had fallen asleep; while I. although worn out with fatigue, having had but little sleep for the past week - possessed of a premonitory feeling of impending danger, for which I could conjure up no intelligent reason, was the subject of a very striking Case of insomnia, or, in Army vernacular "the big eye".

The house consisted of two rooms, built of hewn logs, one and one half stories high, with a huge "Stack", or double stone Chimney between the two rooms, with the Conventional Virginia and East-Tennessee porch extending to the full length of the building, and weatherboarded on the outside, from the floor to the height of about three feet, with hand-rail on top; A semi spiral Stairway at one end, leading to the floor of the porch of the upper story; a board or plank fence in front, parallel with the house, and about eight or ten yards distant, separated the Yard from the public high-way.

About Eleven O'Clock, I heard some one ask the question, "Whose horses are them?" and raised myself up on my elbow just in time to hear the Negroes Reply "Dey blongs to some sojers I blieve".

"Where are they?"

"Some o' em slepin' on de po'ch I 'lieve," said the Negro.

By this some half dozen forms had come into view from behind the smoke-house - or gear-house - near which our horses were tied, but, on the outside of the front fence.

Gently shaking Hare, warning him to make no noise, and acquainting him with our danger, I hastily put on my hat; buckled on my belt; and gathering my Coat and boots in my hand, stooping for shelter behind the weatherboarding of the porch, rapidly made my way toward the stairway.

When I had, perhaps, reached the center of the building, a brisk fire was opened upon me from the fence, and the forward of the attacking party were rushing through the gateway and towards the house.

Realizing that the ascent of the stairway would be extra hazardous, I burst open the door, and entered the family room.

To my left, in the back end of this room stood two beds; the one, in the corner nearest me, occupied by the man and his wife - tenants on the place -; the farther one by Dr Birdwell, from near Dandridge, and a young man named Morris, or Marrison; while a "trundle bed" near the Doctor's bed, was well filled with the Children of the household.

To the right of the door, sitting against the wall, was an enormous old-fashioned Bureau, and, in the five foot fireplace, was a veritable log-heap, its blaze making the entire room as bright as day.

Upon my entrance, I slammed the door to, putting my full weight against it, and throwing my Coat and boots upon the floor, drew my Pistols, and was ready for the fray.

"Jimmie" - the old man - lit out of bed, and around behind the Bureau, paying no attention to my request to throw water on the fire, to put out the light; while Birdwell and Morris, took refuge under the bed upon which they had slept.

A voice upon the outside, which I mistook for Harris, called out, "Open the door!"
"Is that you Hart?" I asked. "Yes!" he answered "Open the door quick!" Thinking it Hart, I opened the door, and saw that two men stood at the door, and that the front yard was full of men.

I slammed the door in their faces, and braced myself against it, successfully holding it, against their combined efforts to force it; at the same time calling upon the boys above stairs to open fire on the enemy.

Immediately a volley was fired through the door, against which I stood, and in quick succession two volleys followed in the rear of the house.

The rear squad came 'round to the end of the building, and Commenced firing upon me through the open window, situated in the Center of the building, and at the foot of the two beds.

I had anticipated such a movement, and promptly opened fire upon the first to show themselves, which had the effect to make them a little cautious, and to force their shots a little higher than the true range, however, by Continuous firing, they succeeded in shooting down the large

post of the old-fashioned "Canopy bedstead", that was nearest the window - which fell to the floor - while they litterally covered the old Lady's bed, with fragments of glass from the broken window.

Although in constant danger of being killed, I could not help enjoying the ludicrous conditions by which I was surrounded:

The old Lady, sat bolt upright in the bed, rocking to and fro her voice raised above the din, while I vainly endeavored, by commands, delivered in most emphatic, if not altogether polite language, to get her to lie down for her own safety. Still she roared; "Come here Children, and get in the bed with your poor old Mother, and let us all die together";

"Oh! Jimmy; Come and let me put my arms around you once more".

"For Gods sake old woman, hush!" I cried, "Are you hurt?"

"No! Sir; but I soon will be", she cried,

Although this lasted for only a few moments, it seemed an age; At last they gave way and ceased firing through the window, and a voice from the outside cried out, "get some fire, and burn the d-d house" just then I heard Abbott, sing out, "Who are you down there?"

"None of your d-d business; Come down and surrender G-d. d-m you". was the reply.

Three shots rang out from above, followed by others in quick succession, and throwing the door wide open, I poured the lead into them from below; the fire of the enemy ceased

and under cover of the dense volumes of smoke which now filled the yard, they withdrew and I again closed the door.

We re-loaded our pistols, and peering from the door - as the light shined through the opening - I heard one of them, some distance away, sing out, "Send a re-enforcement of three or four more men Captain", and a moment later, "Charge 'em! boys; Charge 'em!"

I called the boys to come below, when we took shelter behind the Locust trees in the yard, and awaited for a few moments - the promised Charge that never came.

While in the yard, I called the roll answering; when I called "John Tate Hart"; he answered from an adjoining orchard, "Here I am; Arm and leg both broken".

Upon arousing from slush, finding himself cut off from following me, he had broken into the other room, and passed through it into the back yard, where he was fired upon by the rear squad of the attacking party, his right Arm being shattered and his pistol lost; he ran for the orchard, and he leaped over the low fence, a second shot struck him in the Calf of the leg tearing the muscles into shreds; and staggering a few feet further, he fell.

The Negroes came out of their Cabins to his assistance, but, were overpowered, disarmed, and driven back.

We Carried Hart, into the upper Story of the Negro house, where Dr Birdwell, and Lieutenant Gillespy - also a Physician - dressed his wounds, binding his limbs up in Sole leather.

Hare, insisted that we leave him, but we would not hear to such a Course.

The negroes saddled our horses, while we stood guard, and Calling upon the old man, I forced him to fill our Canteens with brandy, from King Heisskell's, keg, and pouring out a tumbler full, made Hare - who was the most strictly temperate man I ever knew in the army - drink it. And lifting him into the saddle, we moved out three or four miles, where we stayed until morning, and then Carried him and placed him in the hospital at Bristol.

He recoved sufficiently to return home, as I was informed by my Sister, who saw him on the train on his way home, but, since that time, I have never heard of him.

He was "sober as a Judge"; of strictly moral habits; a generous wholesouled Companion; a brave man and model Confederate Soldier, whom all respected and loved.

On the next day, taking Cox, and two or three others as recruits, we returned to the Heisskell, place, and viewed the scene of our late rencounter.

Numerous bullets were found imbedded in the front wall of the house; the thin battered door, against which I had stood, was found riddled with bullets, the wall opposite being the general receptacle, a few shots striking the trundle bed where the Children lay, and the bed disarted by Bridwell, and Morris; while the wall and bureau forming the Corner behind me, bore strong evidence of the force of

the enemy fire through the window.

We learned that the attacking force consisted of about thirty "Mountain Feds", or "Bushwhackers"; that one of their number was killed, but borne away by his Comrades, and several of them wounded, one of whom died on the following day.

This was my last organized(?) fight with the enemies of "the Lost Cause", and, although I had participated in quite a number of warmly contested "Scout fights", and several heavy "pitched battles"; had received several slight wounds during service, and had been five times dismounted, by having my horses killed; I was forced to the Conclusion then, and upon retrospection I realize now, that the few brief moments, in which I withstood the enemy's galling Cross-fire in "the old Log house by the wayside", were, by far the most perilous - as my escape from death was the most miraculous - of my somewhat eventfull life -

Here in front of this "Old Virginia farm-house", I bade Cox, "a last goodbye", and with Captain Abbott; Lieutenant Gillespy and Jo Pate, we turned our horses heads towards Abingdon, where we Called upon King Kinkella, informed him that we had "pressed" his brandy, for which we received his generous thanks; he had heard of the fight, and only wished that we had taken all of the brandy -

From Abingdon, we made our way into, and across North-Carolina, to Charlotte, where we rejoined General Vaughn, and the remnant of our Army, Both Generals Lee, and Johnston, having surrendered,

At Chester, South Carolina, the Scout joined us, having been cut off by the federals, it had made its way down through East-Tennessee, to Blount County, and, in attempting to make its way across Chilhowee mountain, at Montvale Springs, had been blockaded and ambushed by "Mountain Feds", when "Billy" McMinn, of the scout fell mortally wounded; He was carried to Montvale and placed in the Care of Mr Sellers, and, a few days later, both Sellers, and the helpless McMinn, were - by these Cowardly Scamdrels - foully murdered - The Scout Coming out over the "Chilhogitee trail."

We remained with the Army until we arrived at Washington, Georgia, where we were surrendered the Federal General Wilson, Commanding the middle Department of Mississippi, refusing to "parole" the Scout, we were "paroled" on the ~~twelfth~~ 12th day of May 1865 - our parole dated the 8th - as "Company "B" Third Tennessee Cavalry".

This Closed the organized existance of "the Confederate States' Army", east of the Mississippi River, and disbanded the famous little band of heroic brothers, known in Confederate history as "Osborne's Scout".

While our Career as an organization was finished: nearly all of the boys were under the ban of outlawry, and their individual experiences - with such Craven Unionists, as refused to recognize the terms of their parole - would, if such a history was written, fill a large volume with details.

Many of the boys returned to their homes, only to be Compelled to leave them again.

Cox. went to Knoxville, Tenn, and established a Kind of Confectionary and eating house; the City was then garrisoned by a Negro Regiment, and getting into trouble with some of these

a number of them entered his place of business, beat him down and bruised him unmercifully, so that he was confined to his room for several weeks.

In the mean time, the Negro Soldiers had grown insolent, to a degree that called forth the protests of the better Class of Citizens, and finally culminated in the killing of a white Federal Major, by a Negro guard, at the Commissary - which caused such intense excitement, that many of the Negroes, alarmed for their personal safety, deserted, almost nightly.

Cox - himself again - sold his little shop, and made all his preparations to leave the place, and, to enable him to make the train, leaving at 4 O'Clock A.M. had procured a night pass.

In some manner he had also become possessed of the "patrol password", and bidding his friends good-by, as the 9 O'Clock Curfew tolled, he retired to his room for his partial night's rest.

Cox, left on the morning train as he intended, and, co-incidently, a number of the Negro guards, were found to have left their posts during the night.

A day or two later, a stack of Arms was discovered on the bluff in East-Knoxville, and an investigation revealed - what appeared to be - blood stains upon the ground near the guns; upon further search the bodies of some of the missing Negroes were recovered from the river - into which they had been thrown - with their throats Cut; the others, by reason of the extreme high waters, at the time, not being found.

The matter was - as far as possible - suppressed, as it was generally supposed to have been the white Soldiers, in revenge for the death of

work of the

the Major, killed, but the truth - to them - still remains an unfathomed mystery.

On the 18th day of September 1866, I visited Nashville, Tenn, where the Cholera was raging in violent epidemic form - One hundred and sixty three deaths being reported for that day -

On the 22nd, having returned home, I was stricken and when Convalessing, was informed that a man named Glass, claiming to have belonged to "Osborn's Scout", was at the residence of Major "Billy" Moore, South of Fayetteville, and only a few miles distant, who was also Convalessing from the disease, and having had such a man in the Scout, as soon as able I rode over to see him, but he had gone - This was my last news of Glass.

After the epidemic had passed from the Country, Lieutenant "Bill" Henry, of "Lewis' Scout," met Mrs Matt Cox, at Decherd, on her way home from Paducah, Ky. who informed him, that in revenge for Joe's treatment at the hands of the negroes, that Cox, himself, had taken the negroes from their posts, Cut their throats, and thrown them into the river; so the mystery was Cleared up, and Cox, instead of the Yankee Major, had been avenged, and there was now no necessity for longer Concealment of the facts, as Cox, himself had succumbed to an attack of Cholera, at his boyhood home, Paducah, Ky -

Thus ended the Career of one who was styled "a desperado", by those who held against him the bitter feelings of enmity, and whose efforts were in the direction of attaching to him - through false and malicious representations such stigmatic characteristics as the name implies,

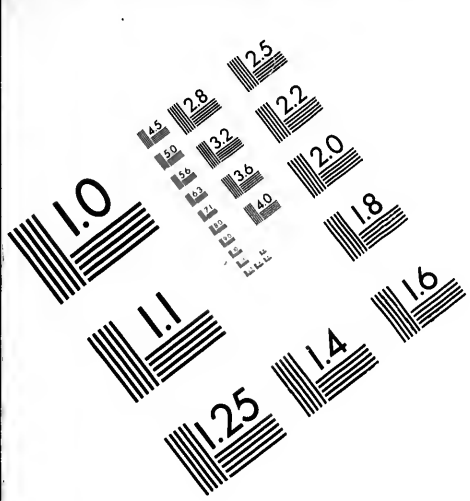
Webster, defines a desperado: "A reckless, furious man, "a person urged by furious passions, and regardless "of consequences: A wild ruffian."

That Cox, was a reckless man, under circumstances that required such action, there is no room for doubt. but, in a comprehensive view, such recklessness was not the result of furious passion towards, or, a disregard of the feelings, or rights of, others, on his part, but was due to his own innate fearlessness.

During my long association with him, I am able to say that he was neither contentious nor quarrelsome; I never knew him to have the most trivial personal dificulty with any one; and, never knew or heard of an exhibition by him, of what - under any fair construction - might be termed furious passion, or, of any act of his - save the killing of the Yazoo Negro Soldiers - from which such passion might be implied: He was not a wild ruffian, in the sense implied; He was neither brutal; cruel; savagely boisterous, or murderous; but, on the contrary, was mild of disposition; of pleasing and affable manners: Considerate and agreeable as a Companion; a Staunch friend, and the most generous of Comrades; He was sober; not addicted to the general use of vulgar or profane language; in moral deportment far above the average man in the Army, and, but for the fact, that he was Jo J. Cox, with an unsavory reputation - unjustly imposed - would have been regarded as "a model Soldier." I admit, there were better men, he himself would have frankly admitted as much. He had his faults, who has not?

He was my friend while living, and I

still revere the memory of my dead Comrade;
No truer friend could I have found; no
braver man ever lived; and few better
"all round" Soldiers, wore the gray uniform
of "the Confederate States of America," than
him, whom we - for purposes of this narative
only - denominate "A Confederate Desperado."



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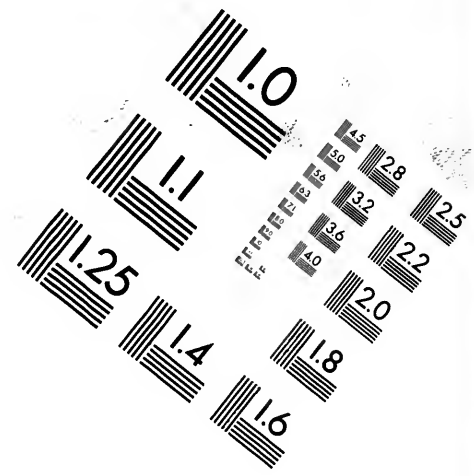

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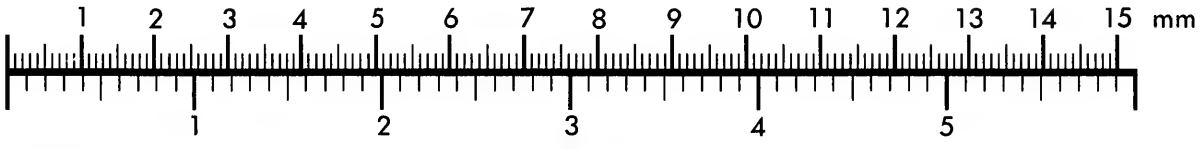

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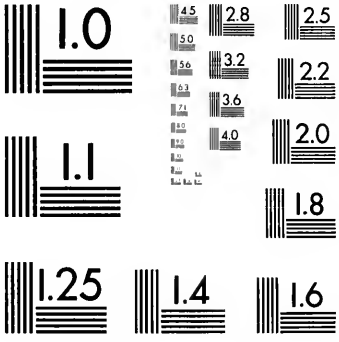

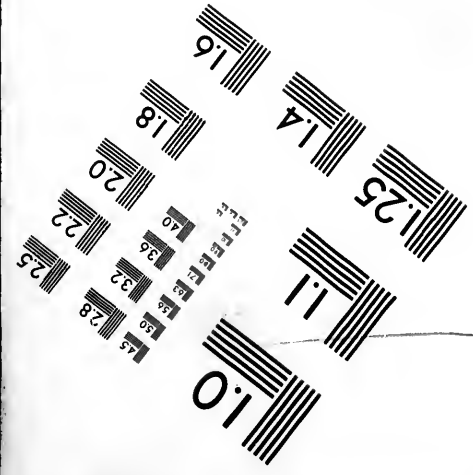

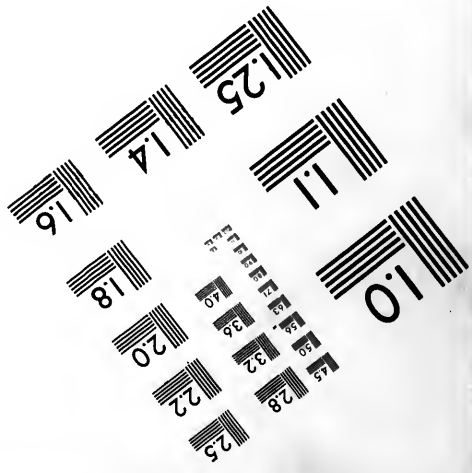

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